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THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

SOCIETY, in its subsistive aspect, may be compared to a steam engine; which is at once the grand result and the mighty agent of human effort to achieve progress in the reformation of Nature. The agricultural regions are the boiler of the vast structure, in which the motor power is generated; the avenues of transportation are the conducting pipes; the city is the cylinder, wherein the force finds expression; the capitalists are the fly-wheel, which equalizes and distributes the effective force, and stores up the temporary surplus of power for use when an extra amount of inertia needs to be overcome; the Board of Trade is the governor, which controls the ever-varying relations of supply to demand, and indexes them on its daily price lists. If we conceive a number of steam engines, connected in such a way as that all shall co-operate in driving one vast system of machinery, we shall complete an exponential idea of the engine which moves the whole Aryan world.

One of the greatest among the integral portions of such a system is comprised in what are still known as the Northwestern States—though our

territorial expansion has, some time since, made that term a misnomer. Fully three hundred thousand square miles of this area is directly tributary to Chicago, and finds here the fly-wheel and governor which regulate the expression of its forces and increase or diminish the forces themselves.

The agricultural productions of the Northwest are its only primary convertible property, and their surplus forms the only original capital available for exchange for other kinds of property which it is desired to possess or use. The geographical position of Chicago—that of the neck of an hour-glass—constitutes it as the natural focus of both distribution and supply to this vast region. The produce of the farm is poured into this city along every rib of the immense fan which spreads out to the westward; it is here handled and massed and stored till required to be forwarded. These processes involve the employment of many men and much capital; and these, again, require buildings and food and clothing, which calls out more labor and capital. The number of workers and traders at the focal point is again

increased, to handle and forward the goods which the farming community seeks to obtain in exchange for its surplus products; and thus the whole city is an outgrowth of agriculture, and the entire value of its property, real and personal, is absolutely dependent upon the relations of the city to the agricultural region to the west of this point, and the character of the services rendered to it. All else is incidental to this, and would vanish if the one essential to prosperity were destroyed.

In former years, when the producers were less numerous and the aggregate of their surplus but small, the farmer could make his exchanges direct with the grocer, dry goods dealer, or other trader. But, with the systematizing of modern commerce, these duplex operations are no longer convenient or profitable; in other words, they are rendered impossible. "Cash" is now the only recognized means of purchase for land, improvements, labor, furniture, or goods; and the farmer must sell his grain and live stock for cash. The large number of farmers who have produce to sell, renders possible and desirable the formation of a distinct class of men, who can make it their business to sell this grain on commission, at less expense than the farmer would incur in the transaction. But there is another important advantage: making the condition of the market a special study, the commission merchant is able to bargain on an equal footing with the buyer, which the farmer could scarcely hope to do; and thus the owner is enabled to count with certainty on receiving the market price, less the small percentage paid for the trouble of selling.

Hence the Board of Trade of the city of Chicago—in its original intent a Produce Exchange, nothing more—is an association of men, divided into two great classes, who agree to pay in common the expenses of a place in which they may transact business in

so public a manner as that each may have the advantage of knowing the price at which sales are made of each description of produce. These two classes are: the men who sell for the farmers, and the men who buy for city use or for shipment East. To these, two other classes were soon added—the carriers, who own the vehicles in which the produce is transported by land or water; and the city manufacturers in produce, as the millers and packers, who take rank as sellers.

As now constituted, the Board of Trade has a much larger scope than this. The movement of large quantities of produce necessitates the employment of a considerable amount of capital; and there are times when much of this would lie idle were it not used speculatively. The farmers have most leisure to send their grain forward during the winter; and this causes an accumulation here during the cold months, as lake navigation can only be carried on during the summer half of the year. The capitalist buys this grain as it arrives, and holds it, hoping to be able to sell at a profit. This is a great advantage to the producer, who, otherwise, would be unable to obtain his money till several months afterwards. But this, even more than the straightforward shipping movement, involves the necessity of "keeping track" of the course of the markets in other cities, and of drawing conclusions as to the probable ratio between supply and demand at the principal points, both domestic and foreign. Out of this need has arisen a system of statistics of receipts and shipments, and the practice of frequent telegraphic communication with other markets. Hence, also, the recognized necessity of a force of inspectors to keep watch over the quality of grain as received and delivered; another for a corps of registrars, to guard against swindles by the use of fraudulent paper; and an organization sufficient to settle disputes between individual members in

those numerous cases where a verbal bargain is misunderstood or repudiated by one of the parties thereto.

Of course, it is but natural that a body of men so extensively engaged in commercial transactions, should take a great interest in all questions of a commercial character. They are vitally interested in everything that tends to aid or retard the movement of the fruits of the earth to their ultimate market, and to all which affects the cost of such movement, and the facility of effecting the desired conversion of produce into cash. Many of them look beyond this, and regard with equal interest the remainder of the process by which the surplus products of one man's industry are exchanged for those of another, money being simply the medium of the interchange. But all are alive to the importance of the first step in the full transaction; and our Board of Trade is noted for the readiness with which it has taken action in regard to the exaction of tolls, the weighing of grain, the enlargement of canals, the improvement of our harbor, derangements of the currency, and the general gathering of statistics, as fast as these subjects have been presented. And its action has uniformly been of the intelligent order—aimed at the removal of monopolies, the abolition of discriminative restrictions,—in short, the greatest good to the greatest number. During the war for the suppression of the Rebellion, the loyalty of the Board was unflagging and devoted. Three entire regiments of infantry and one battery were sent into the field, (many of its members joining the ranks,) and maintained at the highest point of efficiency by the Board through the whole contest; while its contributions for general army relief were not only frequent but large. In addition to this, the Board paid the cost of bringing home the bodies of many of the soldiers who went out under its auspices, and

is about to pay \$5,000 toward a monument to their memory, in Roschill Cemetery. No other non-political organization in the United States can show so brilliant a war record.

The Chicago Board of Trade is far from comprising all the energies of the city within its sphere of action; but it is none the less essential to their success, and thus occupies a very important position in the great world of commercial activities. Some idea of the magnitude of its work may be gathered from a statement of the fact that during last year a total of 64,527,000 bushels of grain (reducing flour to its equivalent in wheat), 403,102 head of cattle, 1,661,869 hogs, and 340,072 sheep, besides large quantities of seeds, barrelled pork, lard, meats, and other property, were received from Western producers, by members of the Board of Trade, and sold on their account. The money received for this aggregate, minus the cost of transporting it hither, and the expenses of storage and commission, was precisely the amount received by the farming community with which to pay their debts; it measured the extent of their ability to buy of Chicago merchants, and is thus an efficient gauge of the extra-mercantile prosperity of our city.

Such figures as the above are, however, far from indicating the magnitude of the year's operations on 'Change. Probably not more than one-fourth of the grain received in the city is subjected to the simple process of direct sale on arrival to the shipper or his agent. The remaining three-fourths becomes an object of pure speculative trading, and may change owners seven or eight times, on the average, before it is moved toward an Eastern market. Even this extended statement fails to cover the great mass of "option" trading, much of which is nothing more than betting on the turn of the market, and is "settled" by the payment of the "difference" between the

price of the grain on the day it is nominally bought and on the day it is nominally sold. Including these, the annual sales made on 'Change will probably exceed one thousand millions of dollars annually.

It is interesting to turn from the contemplation of these mammoth transactions to the thirteenth of March, 1848—only twenty-two years ago—when the Board was first organized, and note the struggles for a bare existence which marked the first eight years of its career. So late as April, 1856, it was deemed necessary to keep a free set-out of crackers, cheese, and ale, on a sideboard, for the use of its members,—as in no other way could a quorum be secured for the transaction of business. It is barely fourteen years since the officers of the Board found themselves in a condition similar to that which is recorded of one of the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. After several ineffectual attempts to obtain a congregation, he set a cask of rum near the pulpit and doled it out after the benediction. He repeated the attraction till he thought he had secured the requisite degree of interest. One Sunday there was no rum. All sat uneasily for about fifteen minutes; then a chief rose, and, pointing to the vacancy by the pulpit, said: "All talkee, no drinkee; no good; me go." The rest followed him. It is unpleasant to know that they afterwards made a *sandwich* of the miscalculating missionary.

Since then, however, the Board has increased rapidly in membership, and now has a list of 1,350 merchants on its books, of whom an average of fully two-thirds attend the daily sessions of the Board in the magnificent building erected, in 1864-5, expressly for their use, on the site occupied by the society of the First Baptist Church from 1843 to 1864. The fee for admission to membership is now one hundred dollars, and the annual assessment on members is about thirty

dollars. It is needless to say that the finances of the Board are in a satisfactory condition.

This article is prefaced by a portrait of the President of this organization—SAMUEL H. MCCREA, Esq.—a gentleman in every way qualified to worthily represent the leading commercial association of the West in its best aspects. A shrewd business man, with large experience, a very practical turn of mind, an unostentatious manner, of unimpeachable integrity, an uncompromising opponent of all monopolies, and withal one who has always steered clear of everything like gambling in his business, he is one of the best men that could have been selected as the representative of Western commercial activity; while his already tested administrative ability, and his unquestioned fairness, eminently qualify him to preside over the deliberations of the Board and its Directors.

Mr. MCCREA was born on the sixteenth of August, 1826, in Goshen, Orange county, New York; and passed his early life at Brighton, about four miles east of Rochester. He then spent several years in Canada, and in 1849 removed to California. The first winter of his Pacific life was passed on the bay of San Francisco, in the lumber carrying trade. In 1850 he entered on the search for gold, and followed the business of a miner for two years, with moderate success, being one of the first to wield a pick in what is now Calaveras county. In 1852 he returned to the United States, and went to Louisiana, where he superintended the construction of the New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad, with headquarters on Bayou de la Fourche—in the heart of the sugar region. The climate was one of the most disagreeable possible, exceeded only in this respect by that of the Isthmus of Panama; and it had hitherto been found impossible to induce any one to stay there longer than a few weeks,

except under compulsion. Mr. McCREA'S indomitable spirit was shown in the fact that he stayed there nearly two years, leaving only with the completion of the work. He then came to Illinois, going first to Rockford (in November, 1854), the Dixon Air Line being then in process of construction in that neighborhood; then went to Sterling for a short time, and removed to Morrison, Whiteside county, as soon as the railroad was completed to that point. He there engaged in the grain and lumber business, and shipped the first sixteen car-loads of grain that left that place for Chicago. He remained there seven years, and then removed to Chicago, but still retains his business connections at Morrison and Sterling.

Since 1862 Mr. McCREA has conducted the grain and lumber business in Chicago on a moderately large scale, in connection with his Western houses. The firm of McCrea and Co. own five or six lumber-yards at different points in the northern part of this State, and keep them supplied principally from Chicago; while grain is collected at all of those points and forwarded here, to be sold either for the firm or on commission. Being thus largely identified with the receiving interest, he is practically cognizant of the extent to which there is real ground for the complaints which have recently been made against railroad and warehousing corporations in reference to the receipt and handling of grain, and there is reason to believe that under his administration the difficulties now existing will be settled.

The other officers of the Board are: B. F. Murphey, First Vice-President; P. W. Dater, Second Vice-President; Charles Randolph, Secretary; and George Sturges, Treasurer. The present Board of Directors is composed of R. Stone, C. W. Kriegh, D. H. Lincoln, R. W. Pettitt, J. K. Fisher, D. H. Denton, E. F. Lawrence, O. S. Hough, W. H. Goodnow, and A. H.

Pickering. In addition to these, Committees of Arbitration and Appeals, each composed of ten members, are elected biennially; also a Commercial Committee, consisting of some twenty members, to whom are referred all subjects of a general character bearing on the interests of commerce. The Committee of Arbitration is charged with the duty of adjusting and deciding disputes between members. The importance of its functions may be inferred from the fact that during the past year this Committee "arbitrated" about one hundred cases, a majority of which would probably have otherwise been carried into the courts, entailing heavy expense on both parties to the contest, and involving a delay often more injurious than the costs of the suit. The cost of arbitration is only about thirteen dollars where the amount involved is not more than five hundred dollars, and the case is generally settled within a few days, either party having the right to appeal to the committee elected for that purpose, but being prohibited from appealing to the courts by a sufficient bond, which is required from all who agree to arbitrate. The Board of Directors have power to suspend any member who fails or refuses to abide by the decision of these committees. The number of such is very small. The arbitrators are gentlemen who understand the points involved much better than an ordinary jury would do, and the great majority of the members are also *gentlemen*, and willing to abide the decision without a murmur. Mr. Randolph, who has held the position of Secretary a little more than a year, is one of the oldest members of the Board, and was its President during the year ending in April, 1866. He has materially improved the statistics furnished to the Board, and his first annual report, for the year 1869, is a model of accurate conciseness, combined with plenitude of information.

THE ROLLING STONE.

BY GEORGE SAND.

[Translated by Francis Johnson.]

CHAPTER XII.

THE RESCUE.

THE following day, which was the fourth since our shipwreck, the weather was very fine again. But, though we could warm ourselves in the sun, our weakness became alarming. We were quiet;—there was no wine left. At last Lambesq and the sailor had fallen into a profound sleep. Purpurin had lost his memory, and no longer recited verses. Bellamare, Leon, Marco and myself entered the little shelter reserved for the ladies. Imperia had succeeded in reviving them by her unalterable patience. She sustained her comrades as Bellamare sustained his companions. "Stay here with us," she said; "we are neither sick nor fretful. Look at us! We have dressed, and have arranged our drawing-room for the reception of our friends. It seems to us impossible that no help should arrive to-day—the weather is so beautiful! Régine, who has become almost a saint for fear of dying, imagines that she is fasting voluntarily in order to atone for her old sins. Lucinde has found again her looking-glass which had been lost in the first disorder, and thinks that her present paleness is very becoming to her. Our little Anna has recovered almost entirely; and we have made up our minds to talk as though we were behind the scenes in an interlude, without remembering that we are not here for our pleasure."

"Ladies," replied Bellamare gravely, "we accept your kind invitation, provided that your programme be serious. Let us have a little music! The box with our musical instru-

ments is here;—it serves you for a bed, ladies, if I am not mistaken. Let us open it, and let each one play what he can."

He gave me the violin, and took the bass-viol for himself. Marco got hold of the cymbals, and Leon of the flute. All of us were musicians, more or less; for in those localities where they did not understand French, we sang comic operas and furnished the orchestra ourselves.

The effect of our concert was to make us burst into tears. Purpurin, attracted by the music, came to embrace the knees of his master, assuring him at the same time that he would go with him to the end of the world.

"To the end of the world!" replied Bellamare, sadly. "It would seem that we are pretty near there now!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Imperia, "remember our programme! Purpurin has well spoken; all of us shall go to the end of the world with you,—but we will come back, too!"

And then she commenced to sing and to dance, taking us by the hand; and we followed her example without remembering anything, and without being aware of the weakness of our legs. But a few moments after, we were stretched out on the ground and fast asleep.

I awoke first. Imperia was near me. I clasped her in my arms and embraced her passionately, without knowing what I was doing.

"What is the matter?" she said to me, in a tone of terror. "What has befallen you, sir?"

"Nothing," I replied, "save that I

feel myself dying, and that I do not want to die without having told you the truth. I adore you! it is for your sake that I have gone upon the stage! You are everything to me, and I shall never love anyone but you in eternity."

I do not know what else I may have said to her. I was delirious. It seems to me that I spoke to her a long while and in a loud voice, which, however, awakened nobody. Bellamare, dressed like "Crispin," lay motionless and inert by our side; Leon, in a Russian costume, rested his head on the knees of Marco, who had wrapped himself in a Roman toga. I looked at them with amazement.

"Look here!" said I to Imperia; "the play is at an end. All the actors are dead. It was a burlesque; and we shall die, too—both of us. For that reason I have told you the secret, the great secret of my *rôle* and of my life. I love you,—I love you desperately; I love you so as to die from it, and I really am dying from it."

She made no reply, but wept. And I went quite mad.

"But this must terminate now," said I, laughingly; and I felt as if I wanted to hurl her into the sea. But I lost my consciousness; and of the two days that then followed, I have retained but a vague recollection. There was neither gayety, nor anger, nor sadness. We were either quite dejected or quite indifferent. The tide brought us some ruins covered with miserable mollusks, which prevented us from starving, and which we gathered with an astonishing indolence, so sure were we that we should perish sooner or later.

Some drops of rain fell, but hardly relieved our thirst. Some of us did not even want to profit by this slight relief, which reawakened the subdued desire to live. I hardly remember my impressions, and recall only certain fixed ideas. Imperia was incessantly in my dreams—for I was con-

tinually slumbering. When Bellamare, who still resisted this depression, tried to rouse me a little, I no longer distinguished fiction from reality; and believing that he called me for the performance, I asked him for the first word;—or I imagined that I was with him in the famous Blue Chamber, and I would then speak to him in an undertone. I believe that I again revealed my love to Imperia, but that she was unable to comprehend me. The poor child seemed to imagine herself making embroidery-work; for her stiff and transparent fingers moved in the empty air.

One morning—I could not tell which morning it was—I felt that a powerful arm lifted me and carried me off like a child. I opened my eyes, and found my face close to a tanned face, which I kissed without knowing why; for I did not recognize it. But it was that of Moranbois.

We had passed seven nights and six days on our rock, between life and death. All that then happened to me I would not be able to tell from my personal recollection, for I was deprived of consciousness for more than a week; but I learned all from Bellamare and Moranbois.

During the last night of our martyrdom on the Devil's Rock, Bellamare had suddenly been awakened by the sailor who wanted to strangle him in order to eat him. He had defended himself, and the result of the struggle had been his enemy's fall into the sea. The fellow had not reappeared on the surface, and nobody had mourned for him, except Lambesq, who had regretted that Bellamare, after having killed the wretch in self-defence, had thrown his body to the fish. Lambesq had not recoiled from the alternative of eating human flesh; and had he felt himself strong enough, he would certainly have attacked us.

But the voyage of Moranbois must be of more interest; and I will now relate what happened to him from the moment he embarked on his raft.

Hardly had he escaped the surf, which was beating fearfully against the rocks, when he felt himself carried out into the sea by an extraordinary and incomprehensible current. The master could not explain it, and said that such a thing had never occurred before in the Adriatic.

Upon reaching the shore—where our friend, after twenty hours of desperate struggling, arrived alone, and was thrown upon the rocks with the ruins of the raft and the corpses of his two companions—he comprehended what had occurred. An earthquake, which we had not noticed at the moment of our shipwreck, had struck the coast of Dalmatia violently, and changing, perhaps, the submarine configuration of the rocks upon which we had been wrecked, had produced a high flood and a gale which had lasted several days.

Moranbois had been thrown on a miserable little island inhabited by some poor fishermen. He was picked up by them more than half dead. After a few hours he could, however, explain himself by his gestures; for they understood neither French nor Italian. All that he could obtain from them was a passage to another island, where he met with the same obstacles in making himself understood and the same difficulties in reaching the continent. This country has formerly been wasted by terrible earthquakes, one of which has entirely destroyed the splendid city of Ragusa—the second Venice, as it was proudly called. Moranbois found the inhabitants of the shore much more alarmed on their own account than ready to render shipwrecked persons their assistance. He dragged himself along until he reached Gravosa, a suburb of Ragusa; and there, yielding to fatigue, anger, and despair, he fell so sick that they carried him to the hospital, where he believed his death to be approaching, without being able to save us.

When he applied to the local authorities and gave an account of our situation, they took him for a fool, so much excited was he by fever or despair. His tale appeared improbable, and they talked of locking him up. You can well imagine that his manner of speaking, habitually not very polite, had assumed, under the trying circumstances, an energy which did not prepossess in his favor. They suspected him of an intention to take out a vessel on a vain search for imaginary friends, and then to deliver her into the hands of pirates. They even spoke of indicting him for the murder of the master of the "Alcyon." When he had at last regained his serenity, and when the gale had abated, he hired a craft, whose crew made fun of him and led him astray, without approaching the rocks where he desired to go. When he had at last found our refuge, he could not penetrate the basin, except with a little life-boat which he had taken along.

All this will explain why he did not reach us until the moment when we had abandoned all hope and all desire to struggle for our lives. I must except Bellamare, whose clear recollections proved to us that he had not for a moment ceased to watch over us and to judge of our situation.

The craft brought us to Ragusa; and it was there that, after several days, I recovered my memory and my consciousness. I was very sick, indeed; and my young and robust body, which required more food, had brought upon me even greater trials than on the others. Moranbois had recovered his strength in two days. Anna was still too feeble to sit up. Lambesq was physically well, but morally he was worse off than any of us, for he continued to believe himself on the rock and to lament stupidly. Lucinde swore that she would never again leave the solid earth; and, bent over her looking-glass, she lamented the length of her nose, which was more apparent on account

of the falling-off of her cheeks. Régine was, on the contrary, very gay and full of fun; while Leon was as grave as ever, but rather bilious, and even more of a misanthropist than before. Marco had grown more sensible and more affectionate,—he spoke only of the others and forgot himself entirely; while Purpurin had almost lost his speech with his wits—upon which unhoped-for accident Moranbois complimented him sincerely.

As to Imperia, who interested me more than all the rest, she was as mysterious in her exhaustion as in everything else. She had suffered less than her companions, thanks to the little favors which I and Bellamare had compelled her to accept. But her mind seemed to have undergone a peculiar commotion. She had been less sick, but she was more affected, and would not permit any one to speak of our past hardships and sufferings. "She has been sublime to the last," said Bellamare to me, when I evinced my surprise; "she thought only of us, and never of herself. At present, a reaction takes place; she pays for the excess of her devotion; she hates all of us a little for the immense amount of care and trouble we have caused her. As sweet and patient she was when we were dying, as irritable and exacting she is now since we are recovering. Let us not heed it! In a few days the equilibrium will be restored. Dame Nature is an implacable sovereign. Devotion tames her, but she reasserts her rights as soon as this great stimulant has ceased to act."

Imperia indeed recovered her equilibrium in a few days, except toward myself. She seemed to have lost her confidence, and appeared at moments even fault-finding and scornful. What had occurred during the days of my delirium? I could not remember what I had said to her. But did she know? Did she remember? And might she not attribute my transports to the fever then de-

vouring me? I did not dare to ask her, for fear of recalling to her memory a circumstance which she had perhaps forgotten. I was too weak to feel myself in love with her, and I tried to persuade myself that I had never loved her. It is certain that all of us had singularly fallen away and cooled down. When we were reunited for the first time on the terrace of a little villa which we had rented on the wooded hill overlooking the harbor, it was not the leanness and paleness of our faces which struck me, for they were less frightful already than they had been on our rock; but it was an expression common to all, and establishing, so to speak, a kind of family resemblance on faces utterly unlike one another. We had large and round, almost terrified eyes; and by a pitiable contrast, a dull smile shrivelled our trembling lips. All of us were a little stammering, and more or less deaf. With some, the latter affection did not pass off for a long while after.

Bellamare, who had not rested a single instant—watching over all of us and nursing us with scrupulous care—began to feel the effects of this prolonged fatigue at the very moment when ours passed off. We had been about two weeks in this little village, on a charming hill, in sight of the beautiful blue and gray mountains which encircle it, and as yet not one of us felt strong enough to work or to travel. Since we had left Ancona we had made no money and had spent a good deal, as Bellamare had spared none to hasten our recovery. Our financial situation grew every day more embarrassing, and Moranbois' brow more gloomy. For my own part, I felt no alarm. I had my little fortune in my belt, and considered that this treasure was to be the salvation of the manager and the troupe as soon as the cash-box might be entirely empty.

But the salvation was not to come from me. One evening, when we

were taking our coffee in the orchard, a young man of commanding stature but very slim waist, fine countenance, and a figure in which grace was blended with majesty, and magnificently dressed in gold and purple, appeared before us and asked for the manager of the troupe.

"It is I," replied Bellamare; "and I have to thank you for the confidence with which the guardian of this villa has authorized me in your name to install myself here with my poor shipwrecked invalids, without requiring any money in advance; but we shall —"

"That is not the point in question," replied the brilliant person; "I do not rent this house, I lend it to you."

"But, sir, —"

"Speak no more about it,—you would offend me. I am Prince Klementi, a man considered wealthy in this country, but poor in your own, where people have other wants, other habits, but other expenses, too. I have been educated in Paris, where my mother was born. I love the theatre, of which I have long since been deprived; and I consider actors as men of merit and learning, who are indispensable to the progress of civilization. My visit has no other object than that of inviting you to spend the spring in our mountains, where you will promptly recover your health in a salubrious climate, in the midst of men whom you will delight by your talents and charm by your society."

Bellamare, highly flattered by this graceful invitation, consulted us with his eyes; and, reading our approval, promised to comply with the request of the prince in a few days, as soon as we should be well enough to play and to sing.

"No, no," resumed Klementi; "I do not want to wait. I shall take you along now, and you may take all the rest and repose you want at my residence. You will not play until you feel like it, or not at all if you are not

disposed. I consider you still as shipwrecked invalids, in whom I feel interested, and whom I desire to make my friends until I can make them my actors."

His graceful and amiable manners, the pleasant and persuasive tone of his voice, and the easy flow of his conversation, charmed us to such a degree that we consented at last to proceed early the next morning to his principality, which he said was but one day's journey distant from Ragusa.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADVENTURES IN MONTENEGRO.

At Ragusa, whither we were transported in carriages, a hearty breakfast awaited us, and then we were invited to visit the palaces of the Doges before mounting the stage-coaches which were to convey us into the country. The road to the mountains ascended gently through beautiful groves, and afforded us admirable views at every turn. For the first time we grew again merry and careless, and prepared to undergo whatever came. A journey over valleys and mountains was a thing we delighted in, and the dangers through which we had just passed vanished like horrible dreams from our memory.

But after a short drive, the wagon-road ceased, and nothing but a very tedious pathway remained. The carriages were sent back to town. The boxes and the baggage were entrusted to carriers, who agreed to carry them over on their arms within two days. Mules, conducted by women in a ragged though picturesque costume, were waiting for us on the summit of the mountain, which we had to climb on foot. I did so with pleasure, as I felt that my legs, instead of refusing their service, gained strength at every step; but I feared, both for Bellamare and for Imperia, the ill consequences of a journey, the very commence-

ment of which proclaimed it to be full of hardships and severe toil. And such it really proved to be. At first our women were afraid at finding themselves perched upon mules on narrow pathways, causing giddiness, and entrusted to the care of other women, who did not cease to prattle and to laugh, hardly holding the bridles of their mules, and allowing them to keep close to the verge of terrible precipices. Gradually, however, our actresses relied on these robust mountain-women—who do all the hard work, while the men are engaged in continual warfare. But our fatigue was extreme; for in this manner we had to make twenty miles, always bent forward or backward on our steeds, and unable to breathe but at short intervals and on level ground. Leon, Marco, and myself preferred to march, but we had to walk very fast. The Prince, mounted on a splendid steed, which he governed with brilliant *maestria*, headed the procession with two long-mustached servants, who were running behind him on foot, with carabines on their shoulders and their belts stocked with cutlasses and pistols. The women, proud of their strength and their courage, made it a point of honor to follow them at a short distance. We marched in the rear, tired and embarrassed by our horses and mules, which would not permit themselves to be dragged by the bridle—they were too full of ardor and emulation;—but which, wishing all the time to pass before us, rolled perfect avalanches of rocks between our legs. Lambesq got angry at his mule, which, in an effort to avoid his blows, lost its head and rolled into the abyss. The Prince and his escort took not the least notice of it. We were anxious to get out of the defile before night-fall; we were dying with thirst, for the chalky mountains did not offer the smallest streamlet to our burning lips.

At last, toward evening, we entered

a narrow valley, surrounded on all sides by desolate rocks. A large house, surmounted by a dome, whence lights proceeded, appeared at a short distance on the hill. It looked like a vast convent, and such it really was. Our Prince held the rank of a bishop, though he was a layman; and this antique monastery, where his ancestors had ruled as princes, had become his own residence as a bishop.

We expected to see issuing from this vast building a long procession of monks. But we found upon our arrival that there was but a single priest within its walls, who superintended the department of pharmacy and the kitchen. The rest of the holy community had been transferred to another convent which the Prince had built for them at a small distance from the first. The latter he had rebuilt and fortified. It was therefore quite a citadel; and a dozen skulls, adorning the crown of one of the towers, bore witness to the summary justice of the bishop-warrior.

He had vassals, like a baron of the middle ages; and these warlike vassals were rather his masters than his clients. He was a fervent Christian, and he had a harem of veiled women who were never to be seen. His subjects, some twelve hundred in number, belonged to perhaps twenty different nationalities; and as to creed, at least as many were represented among them. The Prince owned also a village—that is to say, an encampment of idolatrous *Tchinganos*, who, it was said, sacrificed rats and owls to an unknown God.

We were altogether installed into two rooms, which were, however, vast enough for the equestrian exercise of a circus. Curtains of oriental manufacture, a little faded, but still magnificent, divided the chamber of the ladies into several compartments, and permitted each of them to have her own room. The gentlemen's apartment was divided by an enormous mat of *alves* into two parts, one for

sleeping, the other for walking. As for beds, there was a profusion of lounges and cushions, but no more sheets and counterpanes than in the Blue Chamber of Blois.

The Prince disappeared, after bidding us good night; and the monk-cook brought in coffee and preserves. We thought it was customary to take these before supper, and waited for the latter, but it did not appear. We fell upon the preserves; and, being much fatigued, contented ourselves with them in the hope of being compensated by the breakfast in the morning.

At day-break I started with Leon to look at the country. The scenery was admirable—an oasis of verdure in a frame of grand escarpments, crowned with summits which were still covered with snow. In the roseate mountains towering in the distance, I recognized the Alps, which we had had leisure to admire during our captivity on the rock.

The valley which the manor-house overlooked was a long prairie, which we crossed, in order to see beyond. This beautiful meadow, bordered with blossoming almond trees, seemed to be closed up by a steep wall of white chalk. The numerous valleys enclosed in the strange net-work of these Alps communicated with each other by means of narrow passes; and a little climbing enabled us to penetrate into another valley, larger than the first and well cultivated, which formed the best part of the Prince's domain. A charming little lake received the waters issuing from a grotto, and did not return them to the surface. Leon explained to me that it was a *ponor*—that is to say, one of those numerous subterranean rivers which reveal and hide, from place to place, their mysterious course in this inaccessible country whose geography has never been written.

This lake made the wealth of Prince Klementi; for drought is both the scourge of these countries and the

guarantee of their independence. There exist, I have been told, considerable tracts, veritable deserts, where hostile armies cannot take the field from want of water.

Upon our return we found Bellamare expostulating with the monk-cook for a more substantial breakfast than the supper of the preceding night. The cook excused himself, and said that dinner would be ready by twelve o'clock, and that he had no orders for previous meals. He informed us that the Prince had left the house early in the morning in order to organize the review of his army, which was to take place at ten o'clock, and which his Highness probably intended to honor us with.

Our actresses, informed of the celebration which was being prepared for us, dressed as nicely as they could, and the gentlemen tried to outdo them. At ten o'clock precisely the Prince appeared in the full splendor of his warlike attire of velvet, gold, and jewels. He was so beautiful that he seemed just to have issued from the charmed box of one of the *Genii* of the "Arabian Nights." He conducted us upon the platform of the entrance-tower; and it was there that the human skulls, which the women had not yet noticed, struck them with horror and disgust. Imperia, to whom the Prince had offered his arm, and who led the company, suppressed a cry; and, precipitately leaving her guide, rushed toward the stairs, calling to her companions: "Not there! Do not go there! That is horrible!"

The Prince smiled at the horror which his fair guests manifested; he seemed surprised, irritated, offended. But he could not induce them to remain longer on a spot so strangely ornamented.

After vainly endeavoring to calm the terror of his lady-guests by most emphatically declaring that the skulls of Turks were not human skulls, he made up his mind to change the location of the manœuvre, and conducted

us to another tower on the opposite side.

The spectacle we witnessed was magnificent. The army consisted of two hundred and fifty men; but what class of men? They were all tall, lean, elegant, splendidly dressed, well armed, and admirable horsemen. Their little horses, nervous and swift like the horses of Cossacks, seemed to consume the space. They executed several brilliant manoeuvres, imitated difficult cavalry charges, rode down and up again, in the same gallop, the rapid descent of the valley, cleared enormous ditches, and suddenly halted in admirable order after a steeplechase which had caused us to tremble with fear.

The Prince participated in these and other not less brilliant manoeuvres, and showed in all an address and dexterity which shed a fresh lustre on his grace and beauty. A Homeric feast afterwards reunited all the warriors on the green lawn. Twenty sheep, roasted entire, were served. Officers and privates, seated on the grass, without distinction of rank, ate very gravely and very nicely with their fingers without soiling their beautiful costumes. And we participated in the dinner with the resoluteness of men who did not want to begin anew the fasting of the Devil's Rock.

At night, after the whole army had dispersed and returned to their mountain-homes, we re-entered the convent. The drawbridge was raised, and, as usual, the little fortress was rigidly shut up from all communication from without. We were then not in the least alarmed by the idea of being prisoners for the night, for nobody foresaw how unpleasant this might become.

When Brother Ischirion brought us our excellent Turkish coffee and the eternal preserves, which were to suffice for our meals after dinner, he informed us that the Prince had kept with him the principal chiefs of his

army, and that they were holding council together in the old hall of the convent.

"God knows," he added, in an emphatic and pathetic tone, "what sunbeam or what thunderbolt may issue from this conference! Either peace or war will be the result of it!"

"War with the Turks?" asked Bellamare. "Do you attack them occasionally?"

"Every year," replied the monk; "and the favorable season for taking a fort or conquering a pass is near at hand. May heaven grant that it wo n't be done before two months, for at that time our lake will be dry; the excellent fish which abound in it will have receded with it into the caverns; and the enemy, finding nothing to eat nor to drink in the country, will not dare to march up to our neighborhood, the very heart of the mountains."

"How do you live during the summer?" asked Bellamare.

"Our gracious master, the Prince," replied the monk, "goes every summer either to Trieste or to Venice, and the rest of us drink sour milk and eat cheese fried in butter, like the other inhabitants of the prairie."

We now proposed to spend a gay evening; but we first wanted to know whether we really could feel at home; whether we might be boisterous and noisy without molesting our host and without disturbing the solemnity of his council of war.

Bellamare, Leon, Marco, Imperia,—Lucinde and I marching at their head with a torch,—resolved to make an exploring expedition through this romantic convent, which as yet was a mystery to us. Our rooms gave access to a bastion, overlooked by another crenellated construction, where a sentinel was stationed night and day. The presence of this sentinel, and his regular step, had something embarrassing and irritating for us. The prospect was gloomy and the night was cold. We therefore looked

out for a more propitious scene for our pranks; and, passing through long corridors, narrow vaults, and mysterious flights of stairs, which often issued among ruins—for part of the convent lay in ruins,—we discovered at last the library, which was very fine and entirely deprived of its venerable books, which had been, together with the printing-office, transferred to the new convent. A Turkish guitar, without its chords—or rather chord, for the *gusla* has but one—several long muskets out of order, old divans placed at hazard, broken chairs and tables;—in short, a thousand things carelessly thrown together and covered with centenary dust, bore witness to the complete solitude of this hall, which was vast as a church and well lighted by high arched windows, through which the moon at this hour shed a sepulchral light upon the pavement. The women declared that they should die with fear in such a dismal place, and that we ought to go somewhere else.

"Look here!" said Lucinde, suddenly. "On that shelf I see a quantity of wax candles; they would afford us an illumination. Get them, if you please, gentlemen!"

Marco had just got hold of the candles, when we heard somebody walking in the gallery which opened in the depth of the library. We recognized the slow and dragging step of Brother Ischirion, who audibly came nearer. We extinguished our torch and hid ourselves either behind the lounges or the piles of cushions scattered everywhere. Marco, cowering on his bench, got ready to blow out the lamp of the monk as soon as the latter should be near enough. We intended rather to frighten him than to let him discover our curiosity. But it was he that caused our blood to curdle by the strange scene of which he made us the witnesses.

He carried a basket, which seemed to be very heavy, and walked slowly, raising his lamp in order to find his

way through the obstruction of old furniture. When he was quite close to us, he halted before a closet containing the small library of the Prince. Thereupon, always holding his lamp and placing his basket near by, he took out of the latter, one after the other, the twelve skulls which we had seen on the tower. Then he placed and arranged with care—one might say with love—these hideous trophies on the most prominent shelf. All this was done with his hands, which prepared the meals both of his master and of ourselves. Then he looked at them with attention, rearranged them as though they had been dishes on a table, and with his noded fingers ran through the beards which still clung to the chins.

The poor devil had but obeyed the Prince, who, desiring to please our ladies, had ordered him to hide these heads, but at the same time to preserve them carefully in his museum. But the coolness with which he performed this lugubrious occupation irritated Marco, who, while imitating the cry of an owl, hurled at him a handful of wax candles, and precipitately jumped from the wooden bench with the intention of whipping him. But we interfered. The unfortunate monk, prostrate on the pavement, invoked, in a plaintive tone of voice, all the saints and all the gods of the Slavonic Paradise, and endeavored to exorcise the demons and sorcerers. His lamp had fallen from his hands and smoked in the folds of his gown. We could make our escape without being seen, and did so, each imitating, according to his special talent, the cries of various animals, in order to make him believe that he had to deal with the evil spirits of the night.

We had no light now, and it was only after wandering a considerable time through the dark halls and resounding galleries of the convent that we found at last our apartment, which was remote and isolated enough to

permit us to speak aloud and without restraint.

Our supper was excellent; and the coffee, the Turkish pipes, the fun, and the songs, which we indulged in, whiled the time gayly away, until the advanced hour of three in the morning.

Nevertheless, I felt a little troubled at heart. The beauty of the Prince and the prestige of his fantastic existence had, in spite of the terrible skulls, excessively excited the imagination of our ladies. The tall Lucinde, the little Anna—aye, even the stout Régine,—declared unanimously that they had fallen desperately in love with him. The discreet Imperia, when asked, answered, with the mysterious smile habitual to her on certain occasions:

"I should lie if I did not tell you that I think this paladin admirable on horseback. When he dismounts, and especially when he speaks French, he loses a little. A man of his stamp ought to speak only the language of fabulous times. But it is not his fault that he is of our age. Yesterday I was too tired to look at him. To-day I have seen him; and if he continues to be what he appears to be—that is to say, a Tancred of Tasso coupled with an Ajax of Homer—I shall say with these ladies here that he is an ideal; but—"

"But what?" asked Bellamare.

"But the beauty which speaks to the eyes," she resumed, "is only the prestige of a moment. The eye of the body is not always that of the soul."

It seemed to me that she looked at me, and I felt vexed. With the return of health my love returned too, and I could not sleep. As Leon did not sleep either, I asked him, in order to divert my personal anxiety, whether he had noticed the enthusiasm of Anna for our host. He answered me in an angry tone, which surprised me.

"What have you got against me?" said I to him.

"Against you?" he replied; "nothing;—but much against women in general, and against her whom you have just named in particular. She is the most senseless and vain of all."

"What does it matter to you? You can laugh about it. You do not love her, and you have never loved her."

"Ah, you are mistaken!" he rejoined, in a low voice. "I have loved her! Her weakness seemed to me gracefulness. She was then pure; and if she had been discreet enough to remain such for some time, I would have committed the terrible stupidity of marrying her. But she committed the mistake of giving way too soon."

"That was lucky for you. You owe her a debt of gratitude."

"No, she has made me distrustful and misanthropic in the beginning of my career. Shall I confess all? It was for her that I have gone upon the stage, as you have for—"

"For nobody. What are you saying?"

"Your prudence and your silence do not deceive me, my comrade! We are both wounded deeply,—you by a love subdued for want of hope, and I by a love buried for want of esteem."

This was the only time that Leon opened his heart to me. I have seen since that time that, if he no longer loved Anna, he still suffered for having loved her.

On the following day, at dinner, the Prince kept us waiting so long that we began to entertain serious doubts concerning the correctness of his Paris education. But at last the door opened, and there entered at first a little groom, dressed in an irreproachable English costume, and after him a tall and lean young man, dressed in a French style which had been fashionable four or five years before. He was a pretty fellow, but quite ungraceful, and the lower half of his face expressed both stupidity and timidity. We thought he might be a secretary, probably a relative of the Prince, who

had also enjoyed a Paris education; perhaps even his brother, for he looked like him. He came up, and apologized for having spent too much time at a toilet which he was no longer used to. Oh, deception and disappointment! It was the Prince himself, reduced terribly by the disappearance of his splendid mustache, with nicely dressed and perfumed hair, and attired in a black coat and white vest, adorned with pearls, jewels, and an abundance of gold chains. The paladin of Ariosto had all of a sudden become a young Venetian dandy of intolerable insipidity.

He endeavored to be very sprightly and lively. He believed that our actresses liked him, but he afterwards discovered that Régine alone returned his advances.

During the dinner the Prince left us, as a stranger wanted to see him. Then the groom, who was French by birth, and a stunted little fellow of twenty-two years, participated in our conversation.

"As your master has cut off his splendid mustache," said Régine to him, "he seems to have renounced all ideas of strife and war for some time to come!"

"Perhaps it proves, on the contrary," replied the groom, "that his Excellency meditates on some surprise, but does not like to be recognized. But it is all the same, anyhow; for war and peace are so much alike in this country that I, for one, cannot see the difference."

"Ah, there are robbers here?" exclaimed Lucinde. "Oh, I was always anxious to see real robbers! Where are they?"

"There are none but robbers hereabouts, Mademoiselle! Just look around and you see them."

And the groom pointed to six other valets, who, grave, noble, and proud, in their national costume, had formed a kind of guard of honor during the dinner, without stirring and uttering one word.

"You don't mean to say that these fine-looking men—"

"Pon my word! They are like wolves. As long as all goes well with them, they are gentle and good; but when they are hard pressed by the Turks, they turn bandits and robbers and steal their bread and powder. They are brave and courageous, only a little savage, and must not be troubled. And then, there are gangs of ruffians and robbers infesting our frontiers, styling themselves patriots, but in fact vagabonds and outlaws, who commit any number of crimes. Never go beyond the little lake and mountains, if you will take my advice! You might repent of it!"

In this manner the intelligent and impudent little fellow, whose family name was Colinet, but whom the Prince called Meta, talked on for over an hour, and gave us a pretty fair insight into the social manners of this strange country, and at the same time into the family life of his master.

And now, in recalling our five weeks' sojourn in that mountainous district on the confines of Herzegovina and Montenegro, I cannot but speak with extreme pleasure of the first four weeks. We were united like brothers and sisters. No more jealousies, spites, intrigues! Nothing but kindness, inexhaustible gayety, and iron health! We had that prodigious exuberance of vitality and that childlike carelessness which characterize the profession when all goes well. Leon became a poet again;—the pleasure of hearing his verses well read by Imperia opened for him quite a new vein of inspiration. We really led a charming life in this oasis. The weather was splendid, and permitted us from time to time an excursion into a country diversified by magnificent wonders and hidden marvels. But we never perceived even the shadow of a robber. It is true that, whenever we undertook a distant excursion into the mountains, the Prince gave us an escort.

The inhabitants of the valley had grown quite fond of us, and offered us an affectionate hospitality. They were the gentlest, most honest, and best people of the world. At night, on re-entering the fortress, the grinding of the drawbridge no longer made a dismal impression on our ears. We always continued our studies, our literary discussions, our jokes and our funny inventions, our laughter and our pranks, to a late hour of the night; and yet we never felt exhausted and never were tired.

It was but too true; the Prince had kept his promise. He had given us a month of unclouded happiness. It is necessary for me to recall this to my mind, in order to speak justly of him. How far were we from foreseeing with what a terrible tragedy we were to pay for his splendid hospitality!

And yet I must come to this terrible and atrocious scene, the mere remembrance of which causes my blood to curdle.

We had stayed about a month with Prince Klementi. We had played "Phædra," "Athalia," "Polyemte," and "Cemlia," the masterpieces of Racine and Corneille, and it was time for us to leave, either to proceed on our voyage to Constantinople or to return to France by way of Germany. The Prince advised us to do the latter. In Turkey, he said, nothing but deceptions, perils, and miseries would await us. He invited us to go to Belgrade and Pesth, predicting for us great successes in Hungary. But he requested us to take no final resolution until he returned from a short excursion which he was compelled to make.

We promised to stay three days longer, and he left us with the graceful request to consider his home entirely our own. At no time had he been more amiable and more obliging.

We therefore remained very quiet under the protection of the twelve men of the garrison, who, by turns,

domestics and soldiers, performed the service of both the house and the fortress. I have told you that they were fine-looking men. They did not understand one word of French. Their lieutenant was called Nicanor. I shall never forget him. He was the commanding officer of the fortress during the absence of the Prince. He spoke Italian very fluently, but he never deigned to speak to us. True, we had nothing to do with him, as his duties were exclusively military ones. He was a tall old man, whose cross looks and thin upper lip did not please us much. We imagined, and not without reason, that he entertained a profound contempt, perhaps even a secret aversion, for us.

Our immediate service was performed by Brother Ischirion and by the little Meta, but we tried to do without them as much as possible. The monk was dirty, curious, obsequious, and false; while the groom was quite talkative, familiar, funny, and rather vulgar,—*canaille*, as Moranbois expressed himself.

It was therefore not without displeasure that we saw Marco getting extremely familiar with this little fellow, and isolating himself from us in order to run with him through the halls and vaults of the convent. Marco informed us that he was the son of an artisan of Rouen, while Meta was the son of an artisan of Paris; that they had spoken the same dialect in their childhood; that Meta was as smart as himself, and fully his equal in every respect. As a pretext for his incessant marauding with his friend, he described the pleasure of teasing the monk, who hated both of them. It was easily to be seen, indeed, that the monk held both of them in utter horror, though he never complained of their malicious tricks, and seemed to bear them with angelic patience. The adventure of the Turkish skulls still weighed on his heart. He had found them on the altar of a little chapel where he

used to say his prayers every day and concealed his preserves. He had easily guessed the author of this profanation. I do not know whether he complained of it to the Prince. The latter appeared to ignore it, and the heads had never been replaced.

One day both Marco and Meta appeared at the rehearsal with a look of consternation, and a strange smile which was more convulsive than gay. Bellamare thrust the insolent little groom out of doors, and severely reprimanded Marco, who had kept us waiting for the rehearsal, and knew his part very poorly. Marco began to cry; but, as he had really committed a fault, we did not interfere in his favor, and did not reconcile him to Bellamare. We have never forgiven ourselves for this severity; and Bellamare, always so gentle and paternal to young actors, has reproached himself with it as with a crime.

We always dined at three o'clock in the large dining-hall. But neither Marco nor Meta appeared. We supposed they were pouting like spoiled children.

"How foolish they are!" said Bellamare; "I had already forgotten their wrongs."

The evening came, and our supper was served by Brother Ischirion in person. We asked him where the boys might be. He replied that he had seen them walking out with angling-rods, to fish in the lake; that they had doubtless returned too late and had found the drawbridge raised, but that there was not the least cause for alarm;—for everywhere in the village, said he, they would find people anxious to offer them hospitality till the next morning.

This explanation appeared so probable, and we had been so kindly received whenever we had passed through the village, that we really felt no alarm; nevertheless, we were singularly struck with what Lambesq told us when we had returned to our

room. He asked us if we knew that the Prince had a *harem*.

"Not a *harem* precisely," said Leon; "it is, I believe, what they call an *odalik*. He is not, like the Turks, married to one of his women and owner of the others. He has simply several mistresses, who are at liberty to leave him, but who have no inclination to do so; because, in that event, they would be sold to the Turks. They live here together on good terms with one another, probably because the habits of the women of the East are such; and they are kept locked up, because such is the manner in this country."

"That may be," replied Lambesq. "But do you know in which corner of this mysterious manor-house they are immured?"

"Immured?" asked Bellamare.

"Yes, immured; really immured. They have closed up all the doors communicating with that part of the convent which they inhabit. It is the old wash-house which contains a beautiful cistern. This wash-house has been transformed into a luxurious bath-room. They have planted a number of trees in the yard, and have built there a very pretty *kiosque*, and the three ladies live there and never leave it. There is a negro woman who waits on them, and two guardians to watch the only door of their prison, where the Prince goes by night through a passage opened in the thickness of the walls. Our dear Prince, it would seem, has the chaste lasciviousness of Orientals."

"How did you learn these details?" said Bellamare, full of surprise. "Surely you have not been so imprudent as to prowl about there?"

"No, sir, that would be very indelicate, indeed," replied Lambesq; "and I know not whether these ladies are hours or frights. I have not been tempted. But the impudent little groom has found, in the apartment of the Prince, the key of the mysterious passage, and he has made use of

it several times in order to see, without being perceived, the ladies in their bath."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, it was Marco who told me; and he even—"

"And he even—?"

"I do not know if I can tell you. He confided this secret to me the other evening when he was tipsy, and when he got rather more familiar with me than was necessary. I might have dispensed with his confidential disclosures; but I must confess I was anxious to see if he made fun of me, and he has given me details which satisfy me. In short, I believe it is good for you to know that Meta has taken him along to witness the toilet of the *odalisques*, and that they have turned his head completely. I would bet that he was there yesterday while we were waiting for him during the rehearsal; and perhaps the matter is not entirely without danger for him."

"Pshaw! We are not among Turks here," replied Bellamare; "they would not empale him for that. But the Prince would be very angry, I suppose, and I shall severely object to these pranks. Marco is a good, a splendid boy; and when he understands that such follies will injure our honor, he will give them up. You have been right, Lambesq, to tell me the truth, and I regret that you did not inform me of this before."

I do not know what vague presentiment disturbed my sleep that night and awakened me before dawn. In spite of myself, I thought of Marco and wished that he had come home.

It had thundered during the night, and an oppressive heat had gathered in the apartment. Feeling myself oppressed, I got up, but did not rouse my comrades. Noiselessly I went out on the terrace, which was overlooked by one of the bastions, whence one could see, a little farther off, the tower of entrance standing forth in dark outlines on the clouded sky. The

greenish light of morning caused the strange and *bizarre* forms of these motionless clouds to appear with singular distinctness. The fortress thus seen, presented a heap of dark ruins, over which the spirit of solemnity and melancholy seemed to hover.

There were, it seemed to me, several persons on the tower; but they did not stir. I supposed that it might be a group of storks sleeping on the battlements. However, daylight approached, and soon I was enabled to recognize the Turkish skulls, which had been placed again on their iron rods. This was, no doubt, an infringement on the orders of the absent Prince; for it could not be his intention to bid this defiance to the nervous susceptibility of our actresses. But it was a defiance of his men,—perhaps a menace to ourselves. I roused Bellamare gently, desiring to inform him of this circumstance. While he put on his clothes, in order to go with me and satisfy himself, the day had completely disengaged itself from the night, and we saw clearly, between two battlements right opposite us, Marco and Meta looking at us.

"It seems they have been taken prisoners," whispered Bellamare to me, "and have been compelled to pass the night in company with these hideous skulls, by way of punishment."

The words expired on his lips, for every moment augmented the intensity of the morning light. The two young men were motionless, as though they had been closely fastened together; both their chins rested on the edge of the platform. Their paleness was livid; a frightful grin contracted their half-opened mouths; they looked at us with fixed eyes. Our gestures and our cries made no impression on them. A few drops of blood oozed on the stones below.

"They are dead!" exclaimed Bellamare, clasping me in his crisped hands. "They have been beheaded! Those are only heads!"

I nearly fainted away, and during several moments did not know where I was. Bellamare, too, was overcome with giddiness, and stumbled like an intoxicated man. But at last he strengthened his will again.

"We must look into this matter," said he to me; "and we must chastise the perpetrators of this crime! Come along!"

We awakened our comrades.

"Hear," said Bellamare to them, "something atrocious. An infamous murder has been committed here—Marco and Meta! Keep silence! Not one word; not one cry! Let us think of our poor women, who have suffered so much already!"

He locked their door from without; and then, turning to Leon, he gave him the key, with the words:

"You are courageous, but you cannot assist us. To you I confide the women. If they should be troubled, beat the drum and we shall hear you; we shall not go out of the house. Do not tell them anything if they do not get up before the usual hour and try to go out. From their room that horrible spectacle cannot be seen. Come, Moranbois! come, Laurence! As to muscle, you alone are worth ten ordinary men; and I, too, am strong, if need be. And you, Lambesq, hear! You, too, are very strong, but you did not like Marco. Are you generous and brother-like enough to desire to revenge him, even at the peril of your own life?"

"Do you doubt of it?" replied Lambesq, with an accent of bravery and sincerity which he had never had on the stage.

"All right!" replied Bellamare, clasping his hand warmly. "Let us take arms, daggers especially; there is no want of them here."

Moranbois opened the box, and in the twinkling of an eye we were armed. And then we proceeded to the tower of entrance. It was unguarded, and nobody seemed to be stirring yet in this part of the fortress.

The drawbridge had not yet been lowered. Only the sentinel on duty on the adjoining bastion looked at us with an indifferent eye, and did not for a moment interrupt his monotonous walk. The instructions he had received had not foreseen our intention.

First of all, we wanted to ascertain the truth, evident though it was. We ascended the winding stairs of the tower, and found there only the two bloody heads of the unfortunate boys. They had been severed with a Damask blade, which the inhabitants of the East handle so cruelly well. Their bodies were not there.

"Let us leave their heads where they are," said Bellamare to Moranbois, whose teeth chattered with grief and anger. "The Prince returns to-day; he must see them."

"All right. He shall see them!" replied Moranbois; "but I do not want these innocent victims to remain any longer in company with the carrion of Turks!"

And as it was necessary for him to give vent to his rage, he seized the skulls and threw them on the pavement of the yard, where they broke to pieces with a dull noise.

"That is useless!" said Bellamare to him; but he could not prevent him, and we left the yard, after having covered with our shawls the two unfortunate heads, which we were unwilling to leave as a derisive spectacle to their bloody executioners. We took the key of the tower; and upon leaving it we perceived that, although the sun was above the horizon, the drawbridge, contrary to the usual rule, remained raised. They kept us prisoners.

"That is all the same to us," said Moranbois, "for it is not outside this fortress that we have matters to attend to now."

Two sentinels were stationed under the portcullis. Bellamare questioned them. Their orders forbade them to reply; they feigned not to have

heard his question. At this moment Brother Ischirion appeared on the other side of the ditch. He carried a basketful of eggs which he had bought in the village;—consequently he had been up early enough in the morning to know what had occurred either during the night or the evening before. Bellamare waited until he had been let in; and as Moranbois shook him rudely in order to make him talk more quickly, we had to take his defence. He was the only one who could both understand and answer us.

"Who has assassinated our comrade and the groom of the Prince?" said Bellamare to the bewildered monk. "You know all about it; let us hear, and do n't feign surprise!"

"In the name of the great Saint Georges," replied the monk, "do n't break my eggs, your Excellency! They are quite fresh,—for your own breakfast."

"I will crush you like a serpent," said Moranbois to him, "if you turn a deaf ear to our questions. Have you assassinated these boys? No, you would not have been courageous enough. But you have imprisoned, denounced, betrayed them! I am sure of it; and I answer for it, you shall not carry your dirty head into paradise."

The monk fell on his knees, swearing by all the saints of the Greek calendar that he knew nothing and was innocent of any bad intention. He lied, evidently. But the two sentinels, who had tranquilly looked at the scene, commenced to get uneasy, and Bellamare did not want them to interfere until we had obtained an answer from the monk. Brother Ischirion stated at last, with a piteous air, that the only person who could have ordered and was responsible for an execution in the fortress was Lieutenant Nicanor. During the absence of the Prince, he had the right of life or death over all the inhabitants both of the village and fortress.

"Over you, dogs and slaves that you are, that may be," replied Moranbois; "but over us—that is what we are going to see. Where does he hide himself, your wild beast of a Lieutenant? Lead us to his kennel; be quick about it, and lie no more!"

The monk obeyed, lamenting all the while over the eggs which had been broken by the rude handling of Moranbois, but no doubt secretly rejoicing in our excitement and indignation. He led us to the den of the tiger, and hoped, doubtless, that we would never leave it alive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PUBLIC AS AN EMPLOYER.

BY D. H. WHEELER.

THE offices of a nation exist for the purpose of performing certain public duties, and for this only. They are not instituted to educate men in public duties, to furnish men with employment, nor for the benefit of party organization. The moment either of these three things is admitted into the discussion as a consideration to be consulted in arranging a Civil Service, it diverts our attention from the main question and confuses our reasoning. We want certain public duties faithfully performed. What is the direct road to this result? Incidentally, we desire to pay no more for such labor than is needful to secure faithful and adequate service.

The nation, the state, the county, and the city, are employers of labor, and they ought to get good labor at fair prices. Nor should it be forgotten that as employers they may enter the market on vantage ground as compared with private persons or companies. These last cannot compete with the public on three points: the permanency, the certainty of payment, and the honor of the service. For these three advantages the public may, if it desires, secure labor at less cost than individuals.

We constantly see men of acknowledged and conspicuous ability serving colleges for a relatively meagre compensation. Two of the advantages just mentioned enter into the account of professors with colleges,—the time of service is usually unlimited, and the employment is honorable. But the public is a better employer at these points than a college; the latter is open to unfair dealing which often leads competent men to resign their chairs, and payment is often somewhat uncertain.

Three objections lie against our present rotatory system:

1. We forfeit all the advantages of permanency, sure pay, and honor, by making all offices insecure, and by taking away from their reputation. It has come to be understood that an appointment or election is not usually a sign of merit, but oftentimes an evidence of craft or dishonorable artifices.

2. We get poor service in many cases, and no service in others; while in nearly all we pay men who are really employed by individuals, and use their posts to further the interests of their real employers. An appointment is given by a Representative, and paid for by helping make the Representative a Senator or a great man generally.

3. We are constantly perpetrating acts of gross injustice, by discharging men without reason and in violation of the simplest principles of morality, to the damage of our public work; and we are enticing a great number of persons to spend their time and money in an effort to get upon our pay-roll. Our system is, in fact, a school of immorality, educating the people out of all correct thinking upon the Civil Service.

As to the last point, let it be added that there is not in the nature of the case any proper occasion for public dishonesty. A state can be just as honest as a bank; it can be as innocent of exciting groundless expectations of profitable employment.

The ideal of a public service would approach as nearly as possible the model of the best mercantile establishments, with such modifications as increased permanency and honor would suggest. These elements of difference

would lead a competent person to serve the state for sixty or seventy-five per cent. of the price paid by first-class businesses for similar work.

The difficulties that beset us in considering a change of our system are by no means trifling. The hardest thing for a nation is to turn aside from its historical path, to escape from the continuous forces that impel it onward. Our Civil Service has grown—it was not made. It began in very conservative ideas and methods, and for nearly half a century it departed but slightly from English practice. Nevertheless, the present system is a growth—though not out of the fundamental principles of the Constitution. The Constitution contemplates none of the subordinate rotatory movement; though, by providing for rotation, or opening the way to it, in the highest executive and legislative offices, it left ground on which our system could grow.

The essays which are written upon this topic usually omit—always do, so far as this writer knows—to show that the state systems of employment grew rotatory before the nation arrived at the same system. It was with us a kind of "four-corners" politics to give Smith a good thing a year and then let Jones have it. The country was seeded with rotation in office long before the party management seized upon and utilized the fruit, in the belief that "to the victors belong the spoils."

And so long as the rotation system prevails in the election of constables, assessors, and collectors, in every township in the nation, we cannot expect to recover the old paths in national offices. This is the aspect of the subject which seems to render reform nearly hopeless. The parties have merely availed themselves of a popular fallacy, and this fallacy seems to be too obstinately held to permit much hope of conquering it.

The delusion is that the public pays, and justly pays, more for doing its work than the work is worth,—that

there is a clear profit from holding office, an overplus of something, usually money, for which no equivalent is rendered. I add—justly pays; because the people seldom or never seek to reduce the compensation, but confine their efforts to distributing the spoils, the unearned money, among deserving persons.

When once a local office has been established and a rate of compensation fixed, the average voter regards this rate as entitled to as much respect as if it were a law of nature. It is a kind of gold mine, to be farmed as justly as possible; but he does not dream of closing it up. Opposition to high salaries usually proceeds at first from professional men.

Now, the "rotation" idea is the necessary compensation for high salaries—the natural outlet of the sense of justice shut up in a wrong principle. The only way to abolish the idea of rotation is to reduce the compensation of public officers to its fair value, and make it appear that the public is not throwing away money among its servants.

Extravagant compensation has grown out of economy. When states were new and counties thinly populated, a practice grew up of paying fees and per cents. This was better economy than to pay salaries. In fact, the mode of paying men for a part only of their labor has been a matter of great difficulty. The *per diem* system is one of the attempts to meet the difficulty, and it is our worst and meanest political product. All forms of legislative and official perquisites and extras have grown out of "two dollars a day," without the "roast beef" of the old political song.

The fees were only a fair compensation when the services were few; they yielded enormous profits when the services became numerous. As much may be said of the per cent. paid to collectors and disbursers of revenue. Twenty-five years ago, every officer in Illinois who was paid in this way

probably earned his pay. But both as to fees and per cents., the growth of the state has so changed the conditions that most of these officers are now greatly overpaid—some of them enormously.

It is very difficult to equalize over a whole state the rate of compensation, and impossible to take up each office in detail. Imagine an Illinois Legislature engaged in fixing, one by one, the salaries of county clerks! How soon we should hear Oxbow county complaining that Silkhat county got more money voted for its county clerk—in innocent forgetfulness that Oxbow saves money by the "injustice"!

It is also nearly impossible to reach at all the public sense upon the claims of "equally competent persons." It usually compromises by rotating them. Perhaps the best means of meeting this form of the delusion is to show that no association of men ever dream of acting upon the same principle. If a church selects one of two equally competent men for pastor, it does not promise the other employment next year. The illustration shows the point of obfuscation; most men have very vague ideas about competency for public service, and very precise ideas about all the other kinds of competency in which they deal.

If the subject be followed down to its last refuge in the popular thought, we shall find the average voter puzzled to select between several men needing work, and anxious to deal justly between the man with one arm and the rival with one leg. The solution is very simple: public offices are instituted to secure the doing of certain work, not to promote the distribution of charity. There is no reasoning that will justify taxation, by fees or otherwise, to make offices fat places, or to provide for men out of employment. When the state takes money, it is morally bound to render a full equivalent—not fifty or

ninety-nine cents on the dollar, but just one hundred cents. It is morally bound to have its work done in the cheapest way consistent with honesty toward those who do it.

It is perfectly plain that either one of the competent persons will take the office during good behavior for fifty per cent. of the price he would ask for one year's service, and sixty per cent. of the four years' employment pay. Why not, then, exclude all the other considerations, take offices off the list of state or national charities, leave the unemployed to find other work, and get our little jobs done on good commercial principles? What evil is it that Smith is county clerk for twenty-five years, if he does our work well for a reasonable compensation? Why not have Smith thus for \$1,500 a year, and save the \$3,000 or \$10,000 distributed now between charity, education, and party machinery?

It is observed in most human affairs that experience creates proficiency. The longer an honest man works for one employer, the more useful he becomes, the more thoroughly he can be trusted. Is it considered a crime for one citizen to be wiser in some mode of public duty than other citizens? Are the people jealous of the knowledge clerks may acquire in their service? Must every man carry a chip on which to write for ostracism every public officer who is suspected of perfect adaptation to his position?

Our method supposes that Americans are born with such a gift for public duties that no training is required,—that experience blunts the edge of skill, and genius grows stupid when set to political study. That portion of the laws of nature which govern public employments are supposed to be abrogated by the spirit of our institutions. In all other work we admit the empire of natural law. No one makes haste to discharge his physician and carpenter, and employ in their stead men who have never

practised sawing boards or bones. But just this we are bent upon doing in our public work.

The root of the evil lies in our estimate of the compensation, including in that term all the advantages which accrue to the office-holder. The evil must be cured by correcting much. It may even be admitted that when we were young and few it was the best system; but as we grow old and numerous, the agility of earlier years and the perfect knowledge of our neighbors prevailing in sparsely peopled territory, give place to slow and difficult movement, the embarrassing incidents of change, and ignorance of the characters and qualifications of the people about us. The remedy natural to the maladies—if they are such—is to limit change as much as possible, and put our neighbors through the catechism when they ask for offices.

Besides, our past successes are partly due to an element of steadfastness which the philosophers of rotation have overlooked. We have always kept some of our tried servants. No head of a bureau at Washington has ever been willing to run its business aided only by the genius of the American people. He invariably wants some men who can sail the ship, and keeps some of the old sailors on deck in spite of the importunities of Congressmen who have deserving landmen to put in their places. But it has become more and more difficult every year for an old clerk to keep his place and retain his self-respect. He is forced to resign the luxury of political convictions,—to become a piece of office-furniture, made out of an American citizen who has abdicated his first rights to serve a thoughtless public.

The transition to a regular service, such as exists in the army and navy, will be very difficult, because the holders of offices and the party managers will resist all attempts to equalize the compensation with the

value of the service rendered. One of the signs of Civil Service defeat is that the advocates of reform seem imperfectly aware of the amount of work needed in this direction.

The introduction of a Civil Service will be attended with great difficulty. The problem is, how to constitute examining boards so as to exclude favoritism and political manipulation. Mr. Jenckes's bill was widely objected to because it made the Vice-President—a useless officer by the way—the head of the examining system. The objection suggests that under no law is it likely that the selections will escape suspicion or criticism. Another difficulty has been made which need not be counted. It is said all who are now *in*—no matter how they came to be in—will be retained during good behavior. But a civil service law ought to vacate all offices held by appointment, and have them filled by competing examinations; and this would obviate the difficulty.

It is a stronghold of the rotatory system that it has not killed us, or materially, so far as we can see, wounded our political prosperity. To this a candid reply must concede much.

We see in Congressional history another proof of the same thing. The superiority of Southern Representatives and Senators—the average superiority—was due to the fact that few successful Southern Congressmen were ever discharged by their constituents. The South acquired legislative ability and disproportionate power over legislation. The civil strife brought this so clearly to light that a decided effort has been made since to keep a few men at least in both Houses who have learned the business. It is difficult to see what great harm would follow if a majority of these bodies had a fair opportunity to master the trade of law-making;—but the ways of the political mind are past finding out.

TO A FRIEND.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

A GRANITE fastness near the sea I found,
Crested with one drear-towering pine; and there,
Worn by the footsteps of wild waves, a stair
Brokenly up o'er crag and crevice wound.

The way was toilful; by rough-riven blocks
Creased with a thousand tempest-marks, I went.
Difficult ledge and knotted cedar lent
Their strong retardments to those jagged rocks.

And my ascending, hazardous and slow,
Momently firmer will and purpose urged;
And longing for the sea's blue level, verged
With sparkling coast, viewed spaciouly below.

And now, beside that desolate, gaunt tree,
High on the barren steep I stood alone.
A stirless tumult of weird-shapen stone,
Chill, scarred, and cavernous, encompassed me.

And while I gazed upon this rugged mood
Of nature in its obdurate repose,
Forth from some lair, deep, fissure-like, arose
A bird above the lofty solitude.

With eager head uplifted, with broad wings
Unfurled against the assailant air's fresh blast,
Pale-plumed, untamable, superb, it passed
Fearlessly to the sea's far billowings.

And I, beholding, felt the stern, bleak spot
Whence it had mounted, stern and bleak no more;
A softer light its stolid grandeur wore,
Its loneliness and sombreness were not.

For even, my friend, as thine own life it seemed,
Judged falsely of that world which fails to see
Beyond thine outward self—while unto me
The white wings of thy living soul have gleamed!

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WORDS.

III.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS.

AS with individuals, so with nations: the language of a people is often a moral barometer, which marks with marvellous precision the rise and fall of the national life. Every race has its own organic growth—its own characteristic ideas and opinions, which are impressed on its political constitution, its legislation, its manners and its customs, its modes of religious worship; and the expression of all these peculiarities is found in its speech. If a people is, as Milton said of the English, a noble and a puissant nation, of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent and subtle to discourse, its language will exhibit all these qualities; while, on the other hand, if it is frivolous and low-thoughted—if it is morally bankrupt and dead to all lofty sentiments—its mockery of virtue, its inability to comprehend the true dignity and meaning of life, the feebleness of its moral indignation, will all inevitably betray themselves in its speech, as truly as would the opposite qualities of spirituality of thought and exaltation of soul. These discreditable qualities will find an utterance "in the use of solemn and earnest words in senses comparatively trivial or even ridiculous; in the squandering of such as ought to have been reserved for the highest mysteries of the spiritual life, on slight and secular objects; and in the employment, almost in jest and play, of words implying the deepest moral guilt." Could anything be more significant of the profound degradation of a people than the abject character of the complimentary and social dialect

of the Italians, and the pompous appellations with which they dignify things in themselves petty and trivial? Might we not almost infer, *a priori*, the servile condition to which, previous to their late uprising, centuries of tyranny had reduced them, from the fact that with them the word "foreign" is a synonym for excellent; that a man of honor is "a well-dressed man," and one accomplished in music, painting, and sculpture, a "virtuous" man; that a cottage, with three or four acres of land, is "a power;" and that a message sent by a footman to his tailor through a scullion is "an embassy"? Again, what scholar that is familiar with the Greek and Latin has failed to remark how indelibly the contrariety of character in the two most civilized nations of antiquity is impressed on their language, distinguished as is one by exuberant originality, the other by innate poverty of thought? In the Greek, that most flexible and perfect of all the European tongues, the thought controls and shapes the language; while the tyrannous objectivity of the Latin, rigid and almost cruel, like the nation whose voice it is, coerces rather than simply syllables the thought. The words of the latter, as Mr. Marsh remarks, are always

Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas; and "it is almost as much by the imperial character of the language itself—the speech of masters, not of men—as by the commanding position of the people to whom it was vernacular, and of the church which sagaciously adopted it, that it has so

powerfully influenced the development and the existing tendencies of all modern European tongues, even of those which have borrowed the fewest words from it."

It is said that the word oftenest on a Frenchman's lips is *la gloire*, and next to that, perhaps, is *brillante*—brilliant. The utility of a feat or achievement, in war or politics, surgery or mechanics, is of little moment in his eyes unless it is also dazzling and fitted to excite admiration and surprise. It is said that Sir Astley Cooper, the great British surgeon, on visiting the French capital, was asked by the surgeon *en chef* of the empire how many times he had performed some feat of surgery that required a rare union of dexterity and nerve. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah! but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty time. How many time did you save his life?" continued the curious Frenchman, as he saw the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did *you* save out of a hundred and sixty?" "Ah! Monsieur, I lose dem all;—but de operation was very *brillante*!"

The author of "Pickwick" tells us that in America the sign vocal for starting a coach, steamer, railway train, etc., is "Go Ahead!" while with John Bull the ritual form is "All Right!"—and he adds that these two expressions are a perfect embodiment of the respective moods of the two nations. There is some exaggeration in this; yet the two phrases are, on the whole, vivid miniatures of John Bull and his restless brother, who sits on the safety-valve that he may travel faster, pours oil and rosin into his steam-furnaces, leaps from the cars before they have entered the depot, and who would hardly object to being fired off from a cannon or in a bombshell, provided there was one chance in fifty of getting sooner to

the end of his journey. Let us hope that the day may yet come when our "two-forty" people will exchange a little of their fiery activity for a bit of Bull's caution, and when our Yankee Herald's College, if we ever have one, may declare "All Right!" to be the motto of our political escutcheon, with as much propriety as it might now inscribe "Go Ahead!" beneath that fast fowl, the annexing and screaming eagle, that hovers over the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, dips its wings in two oceans, and has one eye on Cuba and the other on Quebec.

The moral power of words is illustrated by nothing more forcibly than by nicknames. There is a deep instinct in men which prompts them, when formed into parties or sects, and engaged in controversy, to assume to themselves some honorable name which begs the whole question in dispute, and to fasten upon their adversaries some title which shall make them objects of contempt or ridicule. Brevity is the soul of wit, and of all eloquence a nickname is the most concise and irresistible. Attack a man with specific and point-blank charges, and he can meet and repel them; but a nickname repels by its very vagueness—it presents no tangible or definite idea to the mind, no horn of a dilemma with which the victim can grapple. Hotspur would have had "a starling taught to speak nothing but *Mortimer* in the ears" of his enemy. "I have heard an eminent character boast," says Hazlitt, "that he had done more to produce the war with Bonaparte by nicknaming him *the Corsican* than all the state papers and documents on the subject put together." Who can doubt that when in the English civil wars the Parliamentary party styled themselves "The Godly," and their enemies "The Malignants," the question at issue, wherever entrance could be gained for these words, was already decided? The first step in overthrowing any great social wrong is to fix upon it a

name which expresses its character. From the hour when "taxation without representation" came to be regarded by our fathers as a synonym for *tyranny*, the cause of the colonies was safe. Had the Southern slaves been called by no other name than that used by their masters—namely, *servants*,—they would have continued in bondage till they had won their freedom by the sword.

The French Revolution of 1789 was fruitful of examples showing the ease with which ignorant men are led and excited by words whose real import and tendency they do not understand, and illustrating the truth of South's remark that a plausible and insignificant word in the mouth of an expert demagogue is a dangerous and destructive weapon. Napoleon was aware of this, when he declared that "it is by epithets that you govern mankind." Destroy men's reverence for the names of institutions hoary with age, and you destroy the institutions themselves. "Pull down the nests," John Knox used to say, "and the rooks will fly away." The people of Versailles insulted with impunity in the streets, and at the gates of the Assembly, those whom they called *Aristocrats*; and the magic power of the word was doubled, when aided by the further device of calling the usurping Commons the *National Assembly*. While the mob of Paris were shouting "Liberty!" and "Equality!" at the top of their lungs, thousands were condemned to death without law and against law, and heads fell by cartloads from the knife of the guillotine. The French showman, who, when royalty and its forms were abolished in France, changed the name of his "*Royal Tiger*," so called—the pride of his menagerie,—to "*National Tiger*," evinced a profound knowledge of his countrymen and of the catchwords by which to win their patronage.

The significance of words is illustrated by nothing more strikingly

than by the fact that unity of speech is essential to the unity of a people. Community of language is a stronger bond than identity of religion, government, or interests; and nations of one speech, though separated by broad oceans and by creeds yet more widely divorced, are one in culture, one in feeling. The settlement of townships and counties in our country, by distinct bodies of foreigners, is therefore a great evil; and a daily gazette with an Irish, German, or French prefix, or in a foreign language, is a perpetual breeder of national animosities, and an effectual bar to the Americanization of our foreign population.

The old Roman poet Ennius was so proud of knowing three languages that he used to declare that he had three hearts. The Emperor Charles V. expressed himself still more strongly, and declared that in proportion to the number of languages a man knows, is he more of a man. Upon this theory, Cardinal Mezzofanti, who understood one hundred and fourteen languages, and spoke thirty with rare excellence, must have been a great number of men condensed into one. Of all the human polyglots in ancient or modern times, he had perhaps the greatest knowledge of words. In allusion to his hyperbolic acquisitions, De Quincey suggests that the following would be an appropriate epitaph for his eminence: "Here lies a man who, in the act of dying, committed a robbery,—absconding from his fellow-creatures with a valuable polyglot dictionary." Yet no man was ever less vain of his acquirements—priding himself less upon his enormous attainments than most persons upon a smattering of a single tongue. "What am I," said he to a visitor, "but an ill-bound dictionary?" The saying of Catherine de Medicis is too often suggested by such prodigies of linguistic acquisition. When told that Scaliger understood twenty different languages—

"That's twenty words for one idea," said she; "I had rather have twenty ideas for one word." In this reply she foreshadowed the great error of modern scholarship, which is too often made the be-all and the end-all of life, when its only relation to it should be that of a graceful handmaid. The story of the scholar who, dying, regretted at the end of his career that he had not concentrated all his energies upon the dative case, only burlesques an actual fact. The educated man is too often one who knows more of *language* than of *idea*—more of the husk than of the kernel—more of the vehicle than of the substance it bears. He has got together a heap of symbols—of mere counters—with which he feels himself to be an intellectual Rothschild, but of the substance of these shadows, the sterling gold of intellect, coin current through the realm, he has not an eagle. All his wealth is in paper—paper, like bad script, marked with a high nominal amount, but useless in exchange, and repudiated in real traffic. The great scholar is too often an intellectual miser, who expends the spiritual energy that might make him a hero, upon the detection of a wrong dot, a false syllable, or an inaccurate word.

It is a trite remark that words are the representatives of things and thoughts, as coin represents wealth. You carry in your pocket a doubloon or a dollar, stamped by the king or state, and you are the virtual owner of whatever it will purchase. But who affixes the stamp upon a word? No prince or potentate was ever strong enough to make or unmake a single word. Cæsar confessed that with all his power he could not do it, and Claudius could not introduce even a new letter. Cicero tried his hand at it; but though he proved himself a skilful mint-master, and struck some admirable trial-pieces, which were absolutely needed to facilitate mental exchanges, yet they

did not gain circulation, and were thrown back upon his hands. But that which defied the power of Cæsar and of Cicero does not transcend the ability of the writers of our own day, many of whom are adepts in the art of word-coining, and are daily minting terms and phrases which must make even Noah Webster, boundless as was his charity for new words, turn in his grave. It is doubtful, however, whether these persons do so much damage to our noble English tongue as they who vulgarize it by the repetition of penny-a-liner phrases. In their estimation, the great crowning vice in the use of words is, apparently, to employ plain, straightforward English. The "high-polite" is their favorite style, and the good old Spartan rule of calling a spade a spade they hold in thorough contempt. Their great recipe for elegant or powerful writing is to call the most common things by the most uncommon names. A dog's tail is, with them, his "caudal appendage"; a dog-breaker, "a kunopædist"; and a fish-pond they can call by no less lofty a title than "piscine preserve." They never do so vulgar a thing as to eat—they "partake of a repast," which is so much more elegant. Ladies, in their classic pages, do not wear petticoats, but crinolines; they have ceased to be married, like those poor, vulgar creatures, their grandmothers—they are "led to the hymeneal altar." Of the existence of such persons as a man, a woman, or a child, these writers are profoundly ignorant; though they often speak of "individuals," "gentlemen," "characters," and "parties," and often recognize the existence of "females," and of "juveniles" and "juvenile members of the community." Even our barbers have got upon stilts. They no longer sell tooth-powder and shaving-soap, like the old fogies, their fathers; but odonto, and dentrifice, and rypophagon; and they themselves, from the *barberous* persons they once were,

have been transformed into "*artists* in hair." The medical faculty, too, has caught the spirit of the age. Who would suspect that "*epistaxis*" means simply bleeding at the nose, and "*emollient cataplasm*" only a poultice? Fancy one school-boy doubling up his fist at another and telling him to look out for *epistaxis*! Who would dream that "*anheidropeseterion*" (advertised in the London "*Times*") means only a saucepan, or "*taxidermist*" a bird-stuffer? As in dress, deportment, etc., so in language: the dread of vulgarity, as Whately has suggested, constantly besetting those who are half-conscious they are in danger of it, drives them into the opposite extreme of affected finery. Such persons forget that glass will obstruct the light quite as much when beautifully painted as when discolored with dirt; and that a style studded with far-fetched epithets and high-sounding phrases may be as dark as one abounding in colloquial vulgarisms. Who does not sympathize with the indignation of Dr. Johnson, when, taking up at the house of a country friend a so-called "*Liberal Translation of the New Testament*," he read, in the eleventh chapter of John, instead of the simple and touching words, "*Jesus wept*"—"Jesus, the Saviour of the world, overcome with grief, burst into a flood of tears"? "*Puppy!*" exclaimed the critic, as he threw down the book in a rage; and had the author been present, Johnson would doubtless have thrown it at his head. Yet the great literary bashaw, while he had an eagle's eye for the faults of others, was unconscious of his own sins against simplicity; and, though he spoke like a wit, too often wrote like a pedant. The faults of his pompous, swelling diction, in which the frivolity of a coxcomb is described in the same rolling periods and with the same gravity of antithesis with which he would thunder against rebellion or fanaticism, are

hardly exaggerated by a wit of his own time, who calls it

"a turgid style,

Which gives to an inch the importance of a mile;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly, or brain a gnat;
Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter!
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder, or a rumbling cart."

The whole literature of notices, handbills, and advertisements, in our day, has apparently declared "war to the knife" against every trace of the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons. We have no schoolmasters now; they are all "*Principals of Collegiate Institutes*;" no copy-books, but "*specimens of caligraphy*;" no ink, but "*writing-fluid*;" no physical exercise, but *Calisthenics* or *Gymnastics*. A man who opens a groggery at some corner for the gratification of drunkards, instead of announcing his enterprise by its real name, modestly proclaims through the daily papers that his *saloon* has been fitted up for the reception of customers. Even the learned architects of log-cabins and pioneer cottages can find names for them only in the sonorous dialects of oriental climes. Time was when a farm-house was a farm-house and a porch a porch; but now the one is a *villa* or *haciendah*, and the other nothing less than a *verandah*. In short, this genteel slang pursues us from the cradle to the grave. In old times, when our fathers and mothers died, they were buried in the graveyard or burying-ground; now, when an unfortunate "*party*" or "*individual*" "*deceases*" or "*becomes defunct*," he is placed in a "*burial-casket*" and "*interred*" in the "*cemetery*." It matters not that the good old words *grave* and *graveyard* have been set in the pure amber of the English classics—that the Bible says, "*There is no wisdom in the grave*," "*Cruel as the grave*," etc. How much more pompous and magniloquent the Greek: "*There is*

no wisdom in the cemetery," "Cruel as the cemetery!" Seriously, let us eschew all these vulgar fineries of style, as we would eschew the fineries of a dandy. Their legitimate effect, it has been truly said, "is to barbarize our tongue, and to destroy all the peculiar power, distinctiveness, and appropriateness of its terms. Poetry may escape for a while the effects of this vulgar coxcombry, because it is the farthest out of the reach of such contagion; but, as prose sinks, so must poetry, too, be ultimately dragged down into the general gulf of feebleness and inanition."

There is another class of writers who abuse the President's English by interlarding their writings with French, German, and Italian words,—as if they believed, with Butler, that

"he that 's but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learner than he that 's known
To speak strongest reason in his own."

The faults of all those who thus barbarize our tongue would be comparatively excusable, were it so barren of resources that any man whose conceptions are clear need find difficulty in wreaking them upon expression. But Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Locke, have shown that, whether we look to its flexibility and harmony, or to its gigantic strength, its exquisite delicacy and wondrous wealth of words, it is rich enough for all the exigencies of the human mind; that it can express the loftiest conceptions of the poet, portray the deepest emotions of the human heart; that it can convey, if not the fripperies, at least the manly courtesies of polite life, and make palpable the profoundest researches of the philosopher. It is not, therefore, because of the poverty of our vocabulary that so many writers Gallicize and Germanize our tongue; the real cause is hinted at in the answer of Handel to an ambitious musician who attributed the hisses of his hearers to a defect in the instrument on which

he was playing: "The fault is not there, my friend," said the composer, jealous of the honor of the organ, on which he himself performed; "the fact is, you have no music in your *soul*."

I am aware that the English tongue—our own cartilaginous tongue, as some one has quaintly styled it—has been decried, even by poets who have made it discourse the sweetest music, for its excess in consonants—guttural, sibilant, or mute. It was this peculiarity, doubtless, which led Charles V., three centuries ago, to compare it to the whistling of birds; and even Lord Byron, whose own burning verse, distinguished not less by its melody than by its incomparable energy, has signally revealed the hidden harmony that lies in our short Saxon words—the monosyllabic music of our tongue—turns traitor to his native language, and in a moment of caprice denounces it as

"Our harsh, northern, grunting guttural,
Which we are obliged to hiss, and spit, and
sputter all,"

not thinking that in this very selection of condemnatory words he has strikingly shown the wondrous expressiveness of the tongue. Even Addison, who wrote so musical English, contrasting our own tongue with the vocal beauty of the Greek, and forgetting that the latter is the very lowest merit of a language—being merely its *sensuous* merit—calls it brick as against marble. Waller, too, ungrateful to the noble tongue that has preserved his name, declares that

"Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek."

Because smoothness is one of the requisites of verse, it has been hastily concluded that languages in which vowels and liquids predominate must be better adapted to poetry, and that the most mellifluous must also be the most melodious. But so far is this from being true, that, as Henry Taylor has remarked, in dramatic verse our English combinations of consonants are invaluable, not only for the

purpose of reflecting grace and softness by contrast, or accelerating the verse by a momentary detention, but also in giving expression to the harsher passions, and in imparting keenness and significance to the language of discrimination, and especially to that of scorn.

The truth is, our language, so far from being poor and limited in its vocabulary, is the richest and most copious now spoken on the globe. As Sir Thomas More long ago declared—"It is plenteous enough to expresse our myndes in anything whereof one man hath used to speak with another." Owing to its composite character, it has a choice of terms expressive of every shade of difference in the idea, compared with which the vocabulary of many other modern tongues is poverty itself. But for the impiety of the act, those who speak it might well raise a monument to the madcaps who undertook the tower of Babel; for, as the mixture of many bloods has made them the most vigorous of modern races, so has the mingling of divers tongues given them a language which is the noblest vehicle of thought ever vouchsafed to man. This very mingling of tongues in our language has been made the ground of an accusation against it; and the Anglo-Saxon is sometimes told by foreigners that he "has been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps;" that his dialect is "the alms-basket of wit," made up of beggarly borrowings, and is wholly lacking in originality. It is true that the Anglo-Saxon has pillaged largely from the speech of other peoples; that he has a craving desire to annex, not only states and provinces, even whole empires, to his own, but even the best parts of their languages; that there is scarce a tongue on the globe which his absorbing genius has not laid under contribution to enrich the exchequer of his all-conquering speech. Strip him of his borrowings—or "annexations," if you will—and he

would neither have a foot of soil to stand upon, nor a rag of language in which to clothe his shivering ideas. To say nothing of the Greek, Latin, and French which enter so largely into the woof of the tongue, we are indebted to the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Arabic, Hebrew, Hindoo, and even the North American Indian dialects, for many words which we cannot do without. The word-barks of our language are daily increasing in size, and terms that sprang up at Delhi and Benares four thousand years ago, are to-day scaling the cliffs of the Rocky Mountains. But while the English has thus borrowed largely from other tongues, and the multifarious etymology of its Babylonish vocabulary, as its enemies are pleased to call it, renders it, of all modern languages, one of the most difficult to master in all its wealth and power; yet it makes up in eclecticism, vigor, and abundance, far more than it loses in apparent originality. Mosaic-like and heterogeneous as are its materials, it is yet no mingle-mangle or patchwork, but is as individual as the French or the German. Though the rough materials are gathered from a hundred sources, yet such is its digestive and assimilative energy that the most discordant aliments, passing through its anaconda-like stomach, are as speedily identified with its own independent existence as the beef-steak which yesterday gave roundness to the hinder symmetry of a prize ox becomes to-morrow part and parcel of the proper substance—the breast, leg, or arm—of an Illinois farmer. In fact, the very caprices and irregularities of our idiom, orthography, and pronunciation, which make foreigners "stare and gasp," and are ridiculed by our own philological ultraists, are the strongest proofs of the nobleness and perfection of our language. It is the very extent to which these caprices, peculiar idioms, and exceptions prevail in any tongue, that forms the true scale of its worth and

beauty; and hence we find them more numerous in Greek than in Latin—in French or Italian than in Irish or Indian. There is less symmetry in the rugged, gnarled oak, with the grotesque contortions of its branches, which has defied the storms of a thousand years, than in the smoothly clipped Dutch yew tree; but it is from the former that we hew out the knees of mighty line-of-battle ships—while a vessel built of the latter would go to pieces in the first storm. It was our own English that sustained him who soared “above all Greek, above all Roman fame;” and the same “well of English undefiled” did not fail the myriad-minded dramatist, when

“Each scene of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.”

Nor have even these great writers, marvellous and varied as is their excellence, fathomed the powers of the language for grand and harmonious expression, or used them to the full. It has “combinations of sound grander than ever rolled through the mind of Milton; more awful than the mad gasps of Lear; sweeter than the sighs of Desdemona; more stirring than the speech of Antony; sadder than the plaints of Hamlet; merrier than the mocks of Falstaff.” To those, therefore, who complain of the poverty or harshness of our tongue, we may say, in the words of George Herbert:

“Let foreign nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords;
I like our language, as our men and coast;—
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.”

BROKEN BONDS.

BY JESSIE WANNALL LEE.

TEN years ago, when Hervey Ellerton married Louise Vane, the spoiled child and only daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents, there was an ominous shaking of heads among the wiseacres of society, and many a gloomy prediction as to their future. Louise was self-willed, passionate, and exacting; but, with a captivating beauty, and a winning sweetness of manner almost incomprehensible in one so wilful, it was not to be wondered at that Mr. Ellerton should love her as he did, finding in that love so many excuses for the glaring faults which her beauty masked under the name of “charming caprices.” But she was warm-hearted and affectionate; “and the hand of love may mould her to its will,” Hervey thought, as he saw the rich color mantle her cheek when

he drew nigh, and felt his heart thrill to the music of her voice, which fell tremulous and low whenever it spoke to him.

Equally passionate and high-spirited was Hervey Ellerton, with a certain recklessness of character that was his gravest fault. He chafed at the slightest restraint; resented dictation in a spirit of violent anger; would not endure being questioned in regard to affairs upon the subject of which he chose to be reticent; held in utter abhorrence that spirit of fault-finding and complaint which is the bane of so many households; and any manifestation of tyranny, however petty, could banish him for hours from his fireside, the place he best loved on earth. These were his faults or peculiarities—whichever they may be called; and the prophet croakers

inveighed against them and magnified them until they assumed giant proportions. All agreed in pitying Louise Vane. It was true they were singularly alike—too much so; but Louise was a woman, young, rich, and beautiful, whose prerogative it was to rule, if she chose, unquestioned.

But to unprejudiced minds, remembering through all that to err is essentially human, and believing that many virtues and noble qualities, though they could not outweigh, might adjust the scales to an even balance, the fine traits in Hervey Ellerton's character stood pre-eminent. A world of tenderness lay hidden beneath a somewhat brusque exterior, showing itself in those delicate and thoughtful little attentions so peculiarly grateful to the heart of woman, bestowed unobtrusively and without the slightest appearance of premeditation or design—simply the kindly impulses springing from an affectionate nature, together with a deference for all womankind which unconsciously betrayed itself in tone and manner, with a thoughtful care and consideration for her slightest wish. But then, he liked to have his own way; he loved undisputed authority, which he would use to its fullest extent; he was open-handed and generous-hearted; and, though not a professed Christian—a fact which the good rector of the parish deeply lamented—he cherished high principles of truth and honor, to which he rigidly adhered. He was often hasty and violent in his judgment and prejudices; yet his final decision would generally be influenced by the sober voice of reason. The world said he had been wild and riotous. Perhaps he had; vice may have left its stain, but not its scar,—since the *soul* of the man could fling off its fetters and rise to the level of the grand and pure in noble resolves and actions.

With such a peculiar organization, Hervey Ellerton required loving and gentle influences to mould

and elevate him to a loftier life. The harsh friction of a dissonant nature only jarred and fretted its finer chords. When, after some one of their frequent misunderstandings—or, as their friends would call them, "quarrels,"—Louise would lift her tearful, pleading eyes to her husband's face, the haughty head would bend down to her instantly, and the lips that had wounded her a moment before meet her own in a fond and reconciling kiss. But as the dark eyes flashed with anger, or bitter and cutting words dropped harshly from her tongue, Hervey would sit there, cool, imperturbable, and calm, with such a cold, cruel sneer upon his face, that Louise's heart ached to see it, though it exasperated her beyond all bounds.

"But," some indignant reader may exclaim, "must a woman sacrifice all her spirit and dignity to pamper a man's vanity and pride?—to humor all his whims and indulge him in all his unreasonable exactions?" By no means! A woman conquers most when most she yields. Men are naturally selfish—many of them insufferably so; but the silent influence of a gentle, loving, pure-hearted wife may, in almost every instance, beguile him out of the narrow sphere his vanity and selfishness have created. It is fearful to see two lives, that should meet and mingle as one, brawling along like turbulent streams in opposite directions;—fearful to know that the twin demons, Contention and Strife, have slain the *Lares* and *Penates* of so many households, and usurped their places! It is fearful and very sad to see so little patience with each other—so little charity for one another's failings. Oh, husband! trust your wife's affection! Be patient with her when she is weary and irritable. She has many cares of which you can know nothing. Soothe her with loving words, and give her caresses instead of rebukes. And wife, let your bosom be the grave of your husband's faults! Let no

insidious "friend and confidant" tamper with its veiled mysteries, nor deprive you of your sacred prerogatives. Honor your husband with your praise—do not degrade him with your reproaches. Bear with his infirmities, and sympathize with him in his cares and losses. Let there be a community of interest—a union of souls—a spirit bond! Send him from you in the morning with a sunny smile and a parting word; and let the tender eyes, keeping love-watch for him in the evening, be the beacon stars that shall lure him swiftly home, untempted by the allurements of boon companions and of club-rooms.

* * * * *

The excitement was over. All the doubt and dread and torturing suspense of weeks and months, with their attendant train of evils—recrimination, unfeeling bitterness, scorn, hatred, loathing,—all were past;—and Louise Ellerton sat at her window, heedless of the May-blossoms drifting around her in a fresh and fragrant shower, with her sad eyes turned to where the river swept away, blue and dim, in the distance, and crushing in her cold fingers the letter which informed her "that a decree of divorce was granted that morning, and she might now rejoice in her newfound liberty—or rather her freedom regained, after a cruel bondage of ten years,"—a letter coldly and formally written, and addressed to her maiden name.

As obstacles only heighten the desire to attain objects seemingly beyond our reach, so the opposition of friends, who really were sincere in their professions, and the complications in which the whole affair was involved, only seemed to make Mrs. Ellerton more obstinately determined to secure her freedom at any cost of pride, or even dignity. Her passionate nature was fully aroused. Neglect, unkindness, and the total estrangement of her husband's affection, had so completely embittered

her that every day and hour which compelled her to wear the unendurable yoke of her marriage-bond only maddened and tortured her. Yes, she would be "free." She had said it in all the bitterness of a sorrow too grievous to be borne; not only free to fly from his hated presence forever, but to scorn and despise him with all the intensity of a wronged and outraged spirit!

But the difficulties in the way of obtaining a divorce were not "insurmountable," as the result proved. Indeed, as Louise sat there in a listless sort of apathy, which was anything but the restful calm she had anticipated, she could scarcely realize that so little sacrifice was demanded—that the "shallow ground" of "incompatibility of temper" was deemed sufficient cause for separation. She had come to look upon herself as a heroine—a martyr;—and after the first shock to her womanly sensibility which newspaper notoriety occasioned, she could glance over the daily notices without a quickened pulse, and even smile as she read of "the interesting case now pending of Louise Ellerton *vs.* Hervey Ellerton," and of "that lady's appearance in court, whose pale and intellectual features bore the traces of deep suffering," etc. But now, all was over—all the passion, excitement, and pain; and Louise Ellerton was free!

* * * * *

The faint breath of the first wild roses that heralded in the May floated on the dreamy air and mingled with the delicious odor of trembling apple-blossoms, gleaming like a veil of pearls over the emerald foliage of the orchard trees. The air was warm and languid, scarcely upholding the gossamer wings of gaudily-painted butterflies fluttering lazily along; only the far-off echoes of bird-trills quivered through the silence, flung like a spell upon the earth. It was one of those days which haunt the heart with dreams of long-forgotten

things;—a day dropping benediction and calm upon weary, sorrowing hearts, cooling passion's fever heat, staying the mad surges of bitterness, stilling the elemental strife within, and lifting the earth-bound spirit heavenward in prayerful aspirations;—a day when old enmities lose their sting or are remembered with more of self-condemnation than anger, and a regretful tenderness mingles with the chastened feelings with which the phantoms of the past are recalled—clasping hands and beaming eyes turned from our view forever; beloved lips, hushed and pallid in death, or grown cold and strange with wounding thorns hidden under the rose of their kisses; loves and friendships vanished or wrecked; hearts estranged and lost forever;—*all* of Life's precious, perishable things strung like costly pearls upon the golden threads of Memory! And as Louise Vane sat there, with such a deathly sickness at her heart, she asked herself, for the first time, if *her own* life had shown the noble fulfilment of sacred duties and requirements? Had *she*, looking beyond her own selfish gratifications, ever made a single sacrifice of wish or inclination for her husband's sake? Her *husband*? The question appalled her. She *had* no husband. What was Hervey Ellerton to *her*? What indeed? But she shook with some terrible inward agony, as little May came bounding to her side, with her chubby hands full of rosy peach-blossoms "for mamma," looking up in her face with Hervey's eyes. Yes; what was he to *her*?—only the father of her child—nothing more.

Then memory went back to another May, ten years ago—to one calm eve among the orchard flowers, when Hervey broke a spray of the fragrant peach-blossom and held it against her

cheek—"to see which blushed the reddest," he said, looking down upon her with those tender eyes, blue as hyacinth-bells. And memory wandered back to other scenes of the past—to the beautiful June night of her bridal, when, radiant and lovely in satin and pearls, she stood at the altar and pronounced the sacred vows which made her the happy bride of Hervey Ellerton;—to the earnest, solemn words, spoken under the light of the holy stars, when he said: "We are both hasty and wilful, my beloved; both passionate and impulsive. Let us promise *now* to bear each other's infirmities and weaknesses; let us be forbearing and forgiving. And oh, above all, Louise, be loving always, and lenient to the faults of your erring husband. You make me what you will,—only love me through all, darling, as I will love *you* to the end!" Louise promised; and with humid eyes and quivering lips, Hervey Ellerton bent over the beautiful head lying on his breast, and sealed the bond with a kiss.

Had she kept that promise? Could she look in her child's face and meet those pure eyes, with their sadly familiar expression, and answer "Yes"? Whatever her heart's answer might be, Louise Vane bowed her haughty head on the window-sill, and all her soul seemed flowing out in that rain of bitter, passionate tears. But why should she weep? The day was balmy and beautiful, like a silent psalm to Nature's God. Birds and flowers rejoiced in the fresh, warm spring-tide. Glad echoes of all free things rippled in the air. The long-desired object was attained. Friends were numerous, kind, and sympathizing. All the excitement and pain and suspense were over.

Louise Vane was "free."

THE COMING ENGLAND.

BY W. H. DANIELS.

A BOOK of geography lately in use in the public schools of one of the Anglo-American provinces lays off the world in four general divisions, as follows:

I. Great Britain; II. Colonies of Great Britain; III. Countries which hold commercial relations with Great Britain; IV. Countries which do *not* hold commercial relations with Great Britain.

Thus Great Britain is the centre of things around which her colonies like moons, and her commercial neighbors like planets, revolve in harmonious order; while those "wandering stars," the benighted nations unblest by British commerce, with one terrible negative, are consigned to a mournful limbo outside.

What a comfortable sense of the importance of his mother-country the young Provincial must enjoy in studying this geography—whose arrangement for compactness, with a starting-point near home, rivals the celebrated system of Ptolemy! Can it any longer be thought incredible that Bostonians—who are first-class Englishmen, with the addition of the vitality of the New World and a dash of the east wind—should devoutly believe their city to be the hub of the universe? Or is there any doubt that the Mississippi Valley, where *we* live, is the home of empire, and that the national Capital of right ought to be at St. Louis, or Rock Island, or Nauvoo? We come as naturally by this comfortable sense of superiority as bees by buzzing or rabbits by long ears. It is our Anglo-Saxon birthright. What is Europe but a buoy, to which Great Britain, with Ireland for tender, is safely moored? And what are the

East and the West but the skirts of the great "Interior," fringed on either side with ocean spray?

Per contra: Straying into a lecture-hall in one of the British-American cities some time ago, the writer heard a somewhat noted English scholar, philosopher, and divine, who had just returned from the Mecca of all Colonial Britons, (in a lecture whose purpose was to sound the glory of the mother-country in the ears of her children across the sea), raise this startling question—"In the midst of all this prosperity, did I see any signs of England's decay?"

People do not ask such questions concerning Italy or Prussia; the idea of decay does not suggest itself when we think of Russia, or even of old China; but, singularly enough, while the moons are waxing and the planets shining with increased brilliancy, the sun, the self-styled centre of the system of nations, appears in some quarters to suggest suspicion lest it has shined its brightest, and may be expected to fade.

I. In the path along which God leads the nations, they are forced sometimes, like a soldier overlaid with plunder, to throw away many valuables in order to keep up with the line. Thus England, encumbered with the rightful and wrongful accumulations of ages, seems to have reached the time when her burdens are greater than she can bear. The falling to pieces of the British aristocracy, for instance, may not be a sign of decay; it may be only a shaking off of a national encumbrance for a more vigorous march.

The basis of Old England's govern-

ment is privilege. It is a fundamental doctrine in her creed that men are *not* created free or equal; and this doctrine has for ages been devoutly believed, no less by those whom it degraded than by those whom it elevated. The laborer regarded the owner of the acres on which he toiled as a citizen of a higher world, to whom he looked up with awe and reverence, no matter what was his personal character. It was a scandal for the son of a small farmer to take to wife the daughter of a tradesman; the farmer, in his turn, took off his hat and gave the whole of the road if he chanced to meet a country squire riding to meet the hounds, and the squire and the merchant were esteemed as dangerous social heretics if they dared to imagine any similarity between the blood in the veins of a duke or prince and the red fluid which served to keep their own bodies warm. Caste is as vital to Old England as is the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope to the Church of Rome.

But the faith of the English people in the sacredness of social distinctions is in these days put to a dangerous strain. A few months since, a common sort of man was elevated to the peerage; he had deserved well of his country by making his fortune in it and then marrying an anxious and aimless spinster, left over, for some time, of the supply of wives furnished by a certain poor family of the nobility.—During the debates in Parliament on the Irish Church Bill, when the hereditary legislators in the House of Lords seemed likely to make themselves troublesome, it was seriously proposed that Mr. Gladstone, a gentleman with only common blood in his veins, but Premier of England by virtue of uncommon sense in his head, should manufacture some dozens of these peers for the purpose of creating a majority in favor of the bill.

To believe in the divine rights and

natural superiority of political creatures owing their nobility to a party emergency, would be a task which even the best old-style Englishman would find it hard to perform—but a task which is very likely to be set him some day, unless the lords of the old *regime* take their fate quietly, and in a manner decorously attend their own funeral. Alas for the superior dignity of titled mortals! for now that patents of nobility are so easily issued, and the powers that accompany them are so meagre, we may look to see dukes and earls, in no very great length of time, become as plenty in England as professors and doctors of divinity in America.

The old stock of genuine English heroes is dwindling, and opportunities for making new ones, of late, have been far from plentiful. The Crimean war, by rights, should have turned out a large reinforcement; but somehow the army and navy, which always contain so many aspirants, managed to make themselves conspicuous for qualities which, in a general way, do not bring titles of nobility,—while in the diplomacy of the affair Lord Stratford De Radcliffe, by the help of Mr. Kinglake, seems to have monopolized glory enough, if it had been well distributed, to set up several new noble families. Neither did the late Abyssinian expedition recruit the stock of heroes and nobles. An African king, perhaps the twentieth part of a widower, became tenderly affectioned toward England's royal widow; but his passion not being reciprocated, he, to bring the obdurate one to terms, seized the persons of certain Englishmen as hostages for the heart he wished to win. How followed a great stir in Britain, and how an army was sent to chastise the barbarian who loved not wisely but too well, let the muse of history tell; or, perhaps, the muse of poetry, giving us another set of "Idyls of the King." But while much money was spent and much history made, besides

unlimited material for poetry, we do not hear of any lords or dukes or earls or marquises named after the scenes of that romantic campaign.

It is not, indeed, charged against the descendants, especially the male descendants, of the old aristocracy, that they are unprolific; but Nature seems to have left off the habit of endowing lords and earls and dukes with extraordinary mental capacity—which in these times is a great misfortune to them, for fate seems to have settled it that whoever henceforth in England shall exercise authority "by the grace of God," must also have some conspicuous graces of his own.

The success of the gunpowder plot would not more fully have demoralized the Parliament of James I. than will the idea of valuing people for what they are (now entering so largely into the thoughts of Englishmen) the remains of the ancient aristocracy; and it is a question of special interest to all good republicans, in how short a time the raising of hereditary legislators will be reckoned among the lost arts. With the House of Lords reduced to a debating society, from this time no considerable portion of the English people can be expected to submit patiently to an authority which depends on ancient hereditary rights.

The Coming England is disencumbering itself of caste; and it is significant of the weakness of the English nobility, that prophets who predict the demolishing of this hitherto vital portion of the England of the old geographies, do not also predict a revolution in connection with the event. They seem to consider the elimination of this fine old order to be nothing more than cutting off gold lace from the national uniform, because gold lace is going out of fashion.

II. The greatness of Britain is largely in her colonies. Her people, being of the irrepressible sort, could not be shut up within the narrow

limits of three little islands;—hence the colonial policy which has given England the boast that the sun never sets on her dominions.

But the greatness of the British people appears less in the breadth of territory they have acquired than in the impressions they have stamped on so large a portion of the world's population.

An Englishman is dogmatic. At home he feels himself an integral part of the empire, and when he goes away to found a colony he makes it as British as possible. But to this rule there is one notable exception. An eminent English statesman lately declared that if all Englishmen were to be driven out of India, ten years would obliterate all traces of their presence. Thus England holds her richest treasure with her feeblest grasp; and of this she is fully conscious,—for in the late debates on Canadian affairs it was declared in Parliament that the vital point in her colonial policy was holding the East Indian possessions.

The waning of colonial loyalty is a significant fact. In Australia and British America, the love for traditional institutions has so far lost its hold as to allow of public discussions of the advantages of independence on the one hand and annexation to the United States on the other. Previous to the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, there was a strong party in New Brunswick, with newspapers to advocate their views, in favor of annexation to the Great Republic; but having no desire for the privileges of slave-catching, the party fell to pieces, and disappeared only to be reorganized with new life, now that slavery is a thing of the past.

Projects such as in the time of George III. brought on a seven years' war, are now looked upon by British statesmen with favor, as likely to give relief to the mother-country, overburdened with the care of her numerous family. A hundred years ago

England would compass sea and land to gain one more colony; now she casts about her to see how she can gracefully be rid of some she has on hand,—and that with the mortifying confession that she is too poor to support them and too weak to defend them.

About the time of the Trent affair, an army, 30,000 strong, was sent out in the dead of winter to protect the American colonies. They landed at the city of St. John, and a large portion of them moved across the country to Quebec. Before setting out on their freezing journey through the wilderness, the following dialogue took place between a Yankee who chanced to be in the city and one of the officers of the expedition:

"How are you going to get to Canada?" said "Boston."

"Easily enough," was the reply. "We have brought sledges with us; we will pack half-a-dozen soldiers on each one, and give them a sleigh-ride to Quebec."

"Are you aware of the depth of the snow up in the country at this season?" asked the Yankee.

"No," said the officer; "but I hope it is deep enough for good sledding."

"Yes," was the reply; "so deep that, out of the narrow snow-path, for hundreds of miles neither man nor horse can make his way through it; and your long line of sledges, loaded with half-frozen soldiers, would be entirely at the mercy of a hundred Down-East riflemen on snow-shoes. They could pick off your whole army up there in the wilderness, and not a man of you could escape."

The officer was thunderstruck. He saw no way out of the danger; and, looking at his companion in alarm, he said:

"But these fellows would not do such a thing, would they?"

"Probably not," answered "Boston," with a smile; "but your expedition, to those who know this country, is the best joke of the season."

That absurd demonstration in defence of English rights on this continent opened the eyes of England; and since that time the British government has been more than willing that its American children should set up an establishment of their own.

The breaking up of the colonial family is already begun in the establishment of the British American Confederation—a government which has no other attraction for a great proportion of its people than that it is a system approved in England; and now that colonial loyalty is waning, there is prospect that the prestige of Britain's name, with the burden of Dominion taxes and duties, will soon be accounted of less value than the prosperity which would result from a union with the Great Republic.

The patriotism of the colonies that has centred in England has already begun to find local centres; and the working of that incendiary idea which so vexed Great Britain in 1776, will naturally, though by peaceful processes, produce similar effects. And when it becomes apparent that a British colony can live easier and better untied from the apron-strings of its venerable mother, the second great glory of the England of the old geographies will speedily fade away.

The England that is to be will of necessity be more compact; and the proud boast that the sun never sets on British territory coming at length to be no longer true, that laborious luminary will enjoy a larger variety of political scenery—though, as no Briton can doubt, it will still concentrate its mightiest beams to dry the damp skies of Scotland, to pierce through London fogs, and brighten the verdure of the "Emerald Isle."

III. To be dictator of European policy has been for centuries the ambition of England. From the year 1414, when Henry V. claimed the throne of France, until the appearance in the

rôle of Emperor of that man of fortune, Napoleon III., she held unquestioned the foremost rank among the great powers of the world. Lord Chatham, as the representative of aristocratic England, was able to dictate peace or war to Europe; and when the little Corsican general was elected Emperor of the French, and was disposed to defend his honors in the name of the people—a name unknown in England in the eighteenth century,—he was able to form one coalition after another, whereby a continent was made to pay and bleed in defence of the British policy. In those days, the friendship of England was cheap at any price; her enmity was something before which the world might tremble. England owed this pre-eminence, first to her navy, and second to her superior facilities for running in debt. In all wars, she made herself conspicuous by means of her ships, her ambassadors, and her money; and if a treaty of peace were made without satisfying the notions of the British cabinet, it was certain to need making over again at no distant day. The Old England seemed almost ubiquitous; no pie was safe from her meddlesome fingers.

There was, however, one thing which this great nation preferred to fighting or diplomacy—viz.: trade. It was written in heaven that Englishmen should trade; and for a nation to refuse commerce with these heaven-ordained merchants was a sin. She regarded the civilized world as a market, divinely appointed, in which to sell her wares; and the English idea of the millennium seemed to be the time when all nations and kingdoms and peoples and tongues should come to spend their money wherever an Englishman might open a shop.

Her policy of free trade was based on the fact that she of all nations had the most to sell; for the little island was the world's laboratory and workshop, as well as the world's

chamber of commerce. Raw material of all sorts, transported by British ships, was worked over by British skill, until its value was increased from ten to a hundred fold; then more British ships transported the manufactured material back to those of whom it was purchased in its crude state. Of course, free trade was a vital point in England's commercial creed, for by this she was able to collect revenues twice over on all the principal products of the earth, and in all bargains she was largely the creditor.

It is not strange, then, that the Old England, which fought for glory and for spite, should also fight a great deal for trade. It was the old process over again, only the terms were changed from "the Koran or the sword" to "trade or perish." All this is now greatly changed. Prussia, France, and even Austria, can undersell Sheffield and Birmingham; Manchester no longer is the world's metropolis in the manufacture of cotton; and, indeed, if the "London Times" is authority on the subject, the manufacturing of cotton in England is no longer a reliable business. Almost all the products of English manufactories are now made elsewhere; so that, having more competitors and smaller markets for her wares, England must needs export some of her manufacturers. Thus the skill which made this the foremost nation in handiwork as well as brain-work, is scattered all over the civilized world. The only real emergency which Great Britain has met by her manufactures for the last ten years, was the building of pirate vessels for the rebel confederacy.

Twenty years ago England claimed the title of mistress of the seas, and the world admitted the claim; but today she has two powerful rivals. Not that France and the United States have at present as much money invested in vessels of war as Great Britain; but the ability to produce a

serviceable navy when wanted has been developed, especially in America, much more rapidly during the past ten years than in England, the effect of which has been to change the relative position of nations on the ocean. Sixty years ago Old England claimed and exercised the right of searching American vessels for runaway seamen, and with a high hand made laws to suit herself, boldly claiming dominion of the seas; but now the British Admiralty are uneasy over so trifling a matter as the Alabama claims—claims which, had they or the like of them been presented in the last century, would have been answered with British blockades and bombardments. Old man-of-war-men in British ale-houses still may sing "Britannia Rules the Wave," but whoever should venture to make such a statement in a political assembly would certainly be answered with a laugh.

The old British diplomacy, too, seems to have had its day. When France annexed Savoy and Nice, she did not ask permission of her neighbor across the channel; when Prussia absorbed some German provinces, she did not hesitate because of any uneasiness it might give to the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs; when Russia, by an imperial ukase, wiped out all traces of Polish nationality, it was done regardless of British opinion. The great power of the north still hesitates to order the sick man's funeral; but, so far as England is concerned, it might be done to-morrow. When General Buonaparte landed in Egypt, England had a Nelson to destroy his fleet. She was furious, and the world laughed, when the amorous as well as victorious admiral allowed Napoleon to slip through his fingers and regain the shores of France. Another Frenchman, Monsieur Lesseps, has opened a new channel to India, and French soldiers stand at its gates to take toll of British ships. In whose lap has

the British government been lying for these ten years that their old enemy should gain without a battle more than she lost in the battle of the Nile?

The policy pursued by Great Britain for some years previous to the Crimean war, had made it apparently safe to neglect her; but at length the war spirit was aroused. Allying herself with her once despised and always hated neighbor—governed then by an ex-member of the London special police—the mistress of the world attempted to reassert herself in defence of the traditional balance of power; joining hands with the only relic of national barbarism in all Europe, she sent forth her armies to show the world a specimen of Christian chivalry. But the historian, now that the war is over and the sick man has been granted a little longer lease of life, in summing up the advantages gained in the contest, finds little that is substantial. There is, indeed, the record of that wild and foolish ride "into the Valley of Death," one more poem, one more cause for tears in English homes, and—what besides? Certainly not the re-establishment of her influence in European politics, for every year Russia has been gaining upon England in spite of her defeat at Sebastopol; certainly not any additional military glory—what little there was of that was monopolized by France. Her losses were prophetic; the flower of the chivalry of Old England, under the taunts of common things called newspapers, and the sneers of common soldiers of the line, rode to their death to execute a blundering order. England spent her men, and has only their graves to show as the purchase of their blood.

At length the time of the old *regime* had come when it should take its place among the relics of the world's greatness. The instincts of good Englishmen were in the direction of freedom. The Old England loved to praise itself for its sympathy with the

oppressed—especially if they were found in the New World instead of India or Ireland; but when the Great Rebellion took definite shape, and avowed its purpose to build an empire "whose corner-stone was slavery," Old England hastened to stretch out its hand to the rebels. It was a sin which neither the world below nor the world above could ever forgive. It was easy to see that the success of the Rebellion would give England a friend whose friendship would bring disgrace. The other alternative would destroy the value of English sympathy and English assistance in any quarrel whatever. But even this little prophecy seemed beyond its vision; Old England followed the counsel of conscious weakness, and worked and waited for the ruin of a nation of its children. It was a crime against Nature, and Nature never forgives.

The Coming England, already in the flush of a vigorous youth, looked upon this crime and wept for shame. It did more; it began at once to study American politics under tremendous pressure. The great struggle was as a rod to their backs if they were slow at learning; but the coming triumph of freedom which God had written beforehand upon their souls was a prophecy of glory, not only for our land, but also for their own. The old aristocracy, already in its decline, fumed and blubbered and bought the bonds of the Confederacy. In due time came the victory over barbarism which God vouchsafed to us after four years of blood. The shock was too great for the nerves of the old *regime*. Even before the echoes of the cannon of Vicksburg and Petersburg had died away, the bells across the ocean began to toll for a funeral. That party once led by Chatham, who, leading it, led the world, has become a thing of history. The old aristocratic majority in the British Parliament has gone into the society of the Rebellion, the Corn Laws, the Slave Trade, and other

dead things; and it is doubtful if, even in England, a man of moderate intelligence can be found who expects ever to see its resurrection.

And now comes-down its ghost into the land of shades. Charon, with his boat, waits to transport him across the Styx into the paradise of defunct dignities. But old Charon must have his fare; he will not carry even so grand a ghost for nothing. They talk together for a moment, and then the boatman turns scornfully away, leaving the unquiet spirit for a thousand years or so to wander in the mournful limbo of the hither shore. Dead enough, indeed, and buried with due forms, is this old aristocracy, but too poor to pay his passage to the boatman; for when the obolus was asked, thrusting his hands in the pockets of his ghostly trousers, behold there was nothing in them but Confederate bonds!

Standing in the chamber of the House of Lords is a pretty piece of carpentry called a throne, from which, by a clumsy ventriloquism, the English government annually speaks a little piece by the mouth of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. The throne is in place in that chamber; it belongs with the lords of the old *regime*. What, then, shall save it from sharing their fate?

Royalty in England is little more than a name—a sweet and honored name, for the sake of the virtues of Albert and Victoria; but, as an orator, having said his best things, straightway brings his speech to a close, so the reign of this royal pair furnishes the kingly line of England a respectable climax and a convenient conclusion. King-raising has been held a very delicate business, and the monopoly of it has been intrusted to one particular family; but its moderate success, as compared with some of the productions of the people, is likely, at no distant day, to throw the business open to universal competition,—for, beside such names as Glad-

stone and Bright, in the people's line of kings, the past Georges and the future Albert make a sorry figure.

It bodes no good to heirs apparent, who are neither useful nor ornamental to the state, that the private lives of princes are discussed in the public journals. That young man called the Prince of Wales is likely, as king, to cost money enough to teach all England to read, while already, by his vices, he makes all England blush; and some iconoclast will one of these days be asking—is it, after all, worth the while to support a throne at such huge expense, merely to make a soft seat for the owner of a soft head? The Coming England has already, in effect, abated the nuisance of hereditary legislation, and disestablished the Irish Church; and when the good Victoria goes to join the husband whom she loved so well, it is not too much to hope that the British throne

will be packed away with other venerable rubbish, and the sceptre placed, in form as well as in fact, in the hands of the British people.

As the pioneer republic of the Old World, the Coming England has a career of glory already laid out. With its power based on human rights and its policy ordered to defend them, a new empire may be joined to the regenerated Britain, kingdoms be conquered by the force of progressive ideas, and the sway once exercised by Old England in making the world bow to its will for the sake of kings and caste, may become a thing of insignificance compared with the vital forces the Coming England shall infuse into the people of its hemisphere, helping them to stand up in their manhood and be worthy to be free.

The Old England is dead. God save the Coming England!

ANEMONES.

BY JULIA M. DUNN.

AS winds blown soft o'er Indian seas
From odorous beds of tropic balm
Will rouse the sailor's home-born ease,
Turn to unrest his days of calm,

Fire like new wine his even blood,
And win him from his wife and child
To sate the longing of his mood
In sea adventures strange and wild,—

So, in the city's stifling air,
Faint with the languid breath of Spring,
Your country odors sweet and rare
To me a grateful memory bring;

A glimpse of hills where ferny plumes
Toss in the fragrant summer breeze—
Of bosky dells all starred with blooms—
You bring me, O Anemones!

HOW THE REV. MR. CHASUBLE MADE A SENSATION.

BY EVERETT CHAMBERLIN.

I AM the rector of St. Zebedee's. You will not find a more imposing church on the Avenue—not that I mean to disparage other churches—by no means, Sir—but then, you know—

Knew me, you say—knew me by my whiskers? H'm! really, Sir, they *have* been complimented, but I don't know why. Our regular clergy are famous, I think, for their whiskers, and of course a little rivalry occurs. As I was saying, I think St. Zebedee's Church, with its splendid oriel and its lofty roof, the most fitting temple for the worship of—

And the most fitting whiskers, you say? Really, Sir, you are too jocose. If it were n't that Mr. Discount, one of my best parishioners, had introduced you so favorably, I should be tempted to rebuke your levity by dropping the conversation at once.

Thank you, Sir; I have, as you say, been quite successful in my ministry. I trust that I say it with all humility. When we were in the old church, we had only a hundred communicants; when we had become fairly settled in the new, we found we numbered two hundred and fifty; and since we have had our present soprano, we have again increased a third, at least.

Yes, Sir, the music is very important. Only the other evening—it was on Palm Sunday—our tenor and alto were obliged to be absent, rehearsing for the opera in which they were to appear on the following evening, and very ordinary substitutes were in their places. You cannot imagine what a dreary and dissatisfied look pervaded the congregation. I could by no means interest them in the sermon as they should have been. They yawned,

and fidgeted about upon the cushions, and made me quite nervous. I assure you, I took the tenor to task a little for his absence. He said it was a full dress rehearsal, with a champagne supper, and he could n't by any means miss it—the wretch! Besides, he said, he sang, in the course of the opera, the very same duet with which we had dedicated our dear chapel! Of course, I could n't but excuse him. The applause for this duet was immense, when the opera was finally given,—showing that, on the solemn occasion of which I spoke, the people were only restrained by the sacredness of the place from crying "*Encore!*"—But what *am* I running on about?

Married, did you ask? Oh, dear, no. But then I can't tell you about that. It would make *such* talk. All is, I am single, Sir, and shall probably remain so.

Yes, indeed; a wife is, as you say, a great helpmeet to a pastor, setting aside all considerations of affection. Scarce a week elapses but one finds some little work needed about one's cassock or one's surplice or one's bands, which the laundress can't do, or, at least, does n't do. To arrange one in the style which should characterize the ambassador of the Almighty, I assure you, Sir, no hand but a wife's is adequate.

Well, really, Sir, I can't resist your coaxing way. But you will be disappointed. It is n't much of a story—no more of a story than might be told by any clever young rector, I dare say.

Her name? Well, that is rather abrupt. We have n't reached that yet; and as the affair all happened since I assumed charge at St. Zebe-

dee's, and she is well known in the parish, I shall tell you no more of her than is absolutely necessary to your comprehension of the narrative.

It was my first charge, except a brief experience at Rye Beach, where two of the wealthiest parishioners of St. Zebedee's were then sojourning. I had hardly been installed (it was in the old church, you will recollect, and we had no ceremony worth mentioning) when I became acquainted with Clara—well, we'll say Clara Carleton, but Carleton is n't the name, upon my word, Sir. Clara was, for all the world, the person most likely, in all the parish, to interest a susceptible young pastor. Of course there were dozens of them trying for it, but only Clara did interest me in such a positive way that I was obliged to confess the fact to myself. Clara was—in fact, perhaps I ought to say *is*; but she *is* no more what she *was* to me!

Clara was, then, a comely girl of twenty-one or two, with a form rather slight, but striking one on the whole as symmetrical, complexion a trifle pale, but clear as amber, hair a beautiful brown, and eyes particularly full and liquid, such as only American girls can boast. If it was because I caught them leveled at my own face, on the evening of our first meeting, at Mr. Kipp's party,—if it was this fact that first inspired in me a desire to know more of Clara, it was the promptness with which she withdrew them, and the tact with which she addressed her attention to other objects, which stimulated and increased this feeling in my own breast, and impelled me to make her acquaintance without delay. I readily obtained an introduction, and was delighted both with Clara and with the progress which I had made in her friendship. In fact, I never had much difficulty in getting on quite comfortable terms with the sex—leaving absolute love-making out of the question, of course. But I found an additional passport to Clara's acquaintance in the strong enthusiasm

which I found her entertaining for my calling. She was an admirer of art generally, but I found her enthusiasm directing itself chiefly to church art—the architecture, the music, the decorations, and their effects. She could never talk enough about choirs and chancels, and naves and transepts, and altars and sacristies, and pulpits and lecturns, and how they should be arranged.

"Oh, how I wish," she would exclaim, "we had a church like Doctor Bronchitis's—do n't you, Mr. Chasuble? One can gaze at his illuminations for the whole fifty-two Sundays of the year, and not get tired or think of anything else. Oh, it is such a *dear* church!"

And then she would talk of good old Doctor Canon, my predecessor, and tell how she loved him, and how she used always to make parochial calls with his wife. Can you wonder that I began to think of the fair Clara as making calls with the wife of the Rev. Charles Chasuble, and going alone notwithstanding?

Well, to make a long story short (and you know we in the church make a special point of brevity), I had, before a year from my settlement over St. Zebedee's, become betrothed to Miss Clara Carleton, daughter of Micah Carleton, Esq., and heiress of a large portion of his wealth. She was now much by my side, and many were the talks we had concerning the affairs of the parish. She made many valuable suggestions, and co-operated with me quite heartily, though I did not fail to see that she was a young woman of considerable pride, and conscious of her pre-eminence in society. I have now no doubt that it was largely on Clara's account that Mr. Carleton manifested such praiseworthy zeal and liberality in the construction of our new edifice. It was completed at last, and St. Zebedee's became *the* fashionable church of the Avenue. The pews sold at famous rates, the choir proved

a good card (if I may use the showman's expression,) and it seemed as if all the sn— (ahem!)—all the elegant people of the city were bound to come to St. Zebedee's. And my pride in gazing at the congregation of a morning, while Trokey, the curate, was reading the service, was heightened by the thought that what *they* were admiring—to wit, the illuminations in the nave—owed their design to her who would soon be Mrs. Chasuble. In fact, I think we should have been united in March of that year if it had not been for the Lenten season intervening to shut out our bliss for a time. For a time? Ah!

But Easter—glorious Easter—was coming.

"I quite dote upon Easter," said Clara, on the Tuesday after the fourth Sunday in Lent.

"Don't you think of one event which might make it happier this year than ever?" I gallantly inquired.

"Yes," she replied, innocently, "to have you do a finer sermon than you ever preached before in your life—even *you*, Charles. Something splendid, that would create a sensation and be talked about in the papers."

"Well, darling, I will try," was my answer; "one ought to preach well with *you* for an inspiration and a monitress too."

And I sat about my Easter sermon in good earnest. I had made some little study of the secret of oratorical effects in the pulpit and elsewhere. Not to think of following Lorenzo Dow's device of mimic Gabriels with tin horns, nor yet Daniel Webster's less censurable one of the Revolutionary soldier to whom he made his auditors bare their heads, I still knew that a well-planned simultaneity of thrilling thought and correlative action or apparent accident, was one of the strongest effects possible. I soon hit upon a plan which the most uncharitable could not gainsay as

being preconcerted. And this was the plan of it:

I bethought myself of the cardinal ideas associated with Easter. Joyfulness, of course, first in order. What in nature most expressive of joy? Light. You have read, of course, of the vivid effects produced in some Catholic churches by the sudden introduction of light after the *Tenebræ* at the Easter time. I could not attempt this, but I would expatiate upon the gladdening influences of the Easter morning sun (for I found by reference to the meteorological record that a considerable majority of Easter mornings are pleasant,) and would so speak as to take advantage of some luminous effect within the church or visible to the congregation. I visited the auditorium of the church early in the week, at twenty minutes before twelve in the morning, to note the appearance of the sunlight and shadow. In a very few minutes I noticed a pencil of gorgeous crimson light illuminating the gilt crown which surmounted the semblance of a cross upon the front of my preaching desk! It was beautiful, and the application of the idea at once suggested itself to me. I would fit the event into the peroration of my sermon!

I went to my study and commenced writing my discourse for Easter morning. The next day I visited the auditorium again and took a more particular note of the time; also progressed with my sermon.

The next day I called upon my lovely Clara, and, though I affected to distrust my ability to produce anything worthy of her approval, yet I believe I left an impression quite the contrary upon her mind. The next day I finished the sermon, and timed myself twice or thrice in reading it, besides practising it repeatedly for points of elocution. I also visited the daily newspaper offices, and had "special Easter services" announced. (Mr. De Namix, the choir-leader, had

composed a *Te Deum* for the occasion.)

The next day was the eventful, happy Easter. The sun rose gloriously, and the scene, as the throng poured toward St. Zebedee's in a thick and steady current, brilliant with new spring hats and Easter suits, was cheering in the highest degree. Only one ill omen annoyed us. This was a shocking funeral, passing up a cross street, which choked my stream of worshippers, and caused many a frown upon the fair faces in the throng. Really, I could not see how any person could shock the gladness and gayety of the time by such a demonstration.

I was restored to my wonted buoyancy of spirits, however, on peeping out of the sacristy, shortly after, and perceiving the auditorium perfectly packed with people. Every pew was full, and every available extra seat brought into requisition; while the ushers were flying hither and thither, and sweating like stokers over their unusual exertions. I assure you, Sir, that my heart beat high at this demonstration of my popularity.

So, too, I fancy, did that of my Clara, as she gazed slightly about, with an air of quiet triumph, of which I took eager note.

Presently Mr. Trokey commenced the service in his effectively sonorous voice. The responses were unusually vigorous, indicating, as the stage-people say, a warm as well as a large audience. The *Te Deum* was sung successfully, our friend, the tenor, who had a solo *affettuoso*, being in a very tender mood, and the soprano, who had to reach a very high note and to execute several rapid *roulades*, being in excellent voice.

In reading the lesson from Sen-John, xx., descriptive of the resurrection, I took especial pains to infuse unusual pathos into the touching narration. Do you know how to infuse pathos, Sir? It is done entirely with the vowel sounds. By a skilful

prolonging of these, particularly the long *i*, I am accustomed to impart not only a tenderer but a more musical sound than your plain matter-of-fact man does when *he* reads. People demand it. They don't know what it consists in; but they know its effect, and *that* they demand—the ladies particularly. So where you would read:

"Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre and seeth the linen clothes lie.

"And the napkin not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself,"—

I read, with organs exceedingly well open:

"Then cometh Sah-emon Peter, following him, and wayahnt into-the-sepulchaar, and seeth the linen claaotbes lah-ee.

"And the napkin not lah-ying with the linen claaotbes, but wrapped together in a place by it-sayahlf."

If you should ever take orders, as you tell me you are likely to do, you will find this system almost absolutely necessary.

Not to dwell on these matters, let me tell you about the sermon. My text was in Matthew, iv.: 16—"The people which sat in darkness saw a great light." I touched as briefly as possible upon the disagreeable events narrated in Scripture, in the passages from which I have previously quoted. Too much Scripture is objectionable to church-goers, who consider it trite and even tedious. They prefer something brilliant, descriptive, figurative, poetical;—in short, Sir, sensational. So I soon got off upon the beauties of Easter. There was no day in the year, I said, so glad and glorious to the children of men; no air so fresh as the Easter air; no flowers so rare as the Easter flowers; no—

No, Sir; I did *not* add, no eggs so rare as the Easter eggs. Do n't interrupt me, please. No sun so bright, I said, as the Easter sun. And then I brought in the words of the text, "saw a great light." Not, I said, the dazzling and overwhelming light

which you fancy, but a light (with a prolongation of the *i*, of course) which bears the same relation to *that* light as the electricity of the galvanic battery bears to the electricity of the electrical machine; a light which pervades all, illumines all, cheers all, but shocks none. Beautiful, beneficent light! which gives to the flower its radiance, to the gay Easter garments their brilliance, to the eye of the loved one (with a glance at Clara) its indescribable charm!

Here I recited, from my Dictionary of Quotations, an extract from Ebenezer Elliott:

God said — "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt His might,
And fled away;
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried — "T is day! T is day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
The thunderous cloud that flamed
O'er daisies white:
And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushed and murmured — "Light!"

I had been proceeding, mind you, with one eye upon the dial of my watch, gauging by the rapidity or slowness of my utterance the time when my grand climax should come. The hour and minute at which each page should be finished were marked upon the margin with as much care as a railway engineer's time-table of stations is prepared.

At forty minutes past eleven my climax was only four pages away. I traced in glowing metaphors the precious principle of light upon its mission. I could see that my audience were listening admiringly; and, best of all, Clara's full hazel eyes were fixed upon me with fascinated interest.

11:42, and *three* pages more to go.

I pictured to my hearers the essence of light traversing the universe and illuminating the spheres—a very fine bit of description, with some astronomical information—of which, I dare say, the people took no heed.

The sun was still kindly pouring in his rays through the stained-glass window. The red rays *must* be in their place, or there was no truth in science.

11:44, and *two* pages more!

Upon the first of these I had described the highest province of light—to illuminate the Christian's crown of glory in heaven. My voice trembled with the excitement with which I anticipated the effect, both upon Clara and upon the congregation. The tremor passed with them for the emotion appropriate to the thoughts I was uttering. As I pronounced "crown of glory" I dropped my hand over the desk to the front, in such a way as to indicate to the spectators, without seeming to intend it, the gilded crown below, illuminated by the bright crimson rays from the stained window. My spoken words were, "So live ye," etc.; my inward thoughts were, "How is that for an effect?" My lips were livid, as became either utterance.

But with what consternation I observed—

A SMILE!

Creeping over the congregation—breaking out here, then there, then everywhere!

It came like the shadow of a total eclipse over the landscape; like the chill of a storm from the sea; and as it quickened into a faint buzz or titter—I know not what—it seemed like the crack of doom.

In despair I turned my eyes upon Clara. She was black and glowering with mortification.

Prompted by some sort of instinct, I glanced downward and ascertained enough to give me some insight into the cause of my discomfiture. Meantime the confusion of the congregation increased, I think; but I don't rightly know what happened else, until the benediction was said and the people dismissed. Then I called to me the clerk, a jolly old Englishman, noted for his energy and skill in lead-

ing the responses, and asked him in a tremulous voice:

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Porterhouse, what was the matter?"

"Why, Lud bless you, Mr. Chazzyble," said he, "nothink the matter in the world, honly, as you clapped your 'and down there, and hexpatriated on the light hilluminatin' of the crowns, and hall that, there was Hunkle Bill Godkin, as halways comes, you know, to 'ear the horgan, and the 'ouse was so full 'e 'ad to sit down on the chancel-step, right afore the pulpit; and w'en you spoke those words, there was hold Bill, 'is 'ead turned back, 'is mouth wide open, fast asleep, and 'is nose, which is halways red enough, 'eaven knows, just shining like a Haurora Boreallus, in the blood-red light as come through the window just that time. I do n't suppose the people would have noticed hanythink, Sir, if you 'ad n't 'ave 'appened to 'ave dropped your 'and, like, just that time."

What daggers the simple-minded fellow plunged in me with each sentence of his good-natured explanation!

I was cured of devising special effects to aid my oratory—especially spectacular ones. But the worst of my trouble was yet to come. My Clara, the object of my love and my ambition, was so shocked by the event that she took to her bed and refused to see me for some days. Then, without giving a reason for it, she asked to be released from her engagement to marry me. Thinking to conquer her respect and her affections in a short time, and desiring to seem magnanimous, I consented to the release; but she only improved the opportunity to renew the acquaintance of a former flame of hers—an architect who had recently got several remunerative commissions.

The upshot you can imagine. She married him six months after.

Good day, Sir. Present my compliments to Mrs. Discount when you see her, and—bear in mind, if you *should* conclude to enter the ministry, do n't depend on dramatic effects for your pulpit "sensations." It's all vanity, Sir, all vanity, I assure you. Good day, Sir!

KANSAS.

SOME seventy years ago, France ceded to the United States her possessions in the southwestern portion of this country. Napoleon wanted the money gained by the transaction, and he wanted still more to raise up a formidable trans-Atlantic rival to Great Britain. Out of that Louisiana Purchase seven States have been created, namely: Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas. The two latter came into Territorial existence and obtained notoriety in 1854.

The early part of President Pierce's administration was a time of profound peace; but the birth of these twin Territories occasioned one of the most exciting and important political struggles this continent ever witnessed. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill not only added two stars in nebula to our national galaxy, but called into being the Republican party. Congress broke down the "middle wall of partition" that divided slavery from freedom, throwing upon the Territories themselves the entire

responsibility of deciding which system of labor should be adopted—the bond or the free. No sooner was this done than the contest was transferred from the halls of Congress to the Western plains. Nebraska being farther north, slavery could not go there without first securing a foothold in Kansas. Besides, the soil of the latter was early found to be far richer and more valuable than that of the former.

To recount that struggle would be to repeat a story familiar to all. No chapter of American history is better known. Bloody and long was the conflict. In Missouri the pro-slavery army had a near base of supplies, while their opponents drew reinforcements and sustenance mainly from remote New England. Kansas was Massachusetts' pet lamb. The pioneers she sent thither had all the natural difficulties of pioneer life to encounter, besides the envenomed hostility of the minions of slavery. Then, too, the horrors of famine came to augment their trouble. "Border ruffians" could be fought with outright; but drought and grasshoppers laid waste the land, and men were powerless to resist them. When at length the war, virtually begun in Kansas, became general, and the nation was taxed to its utmost capacity in the struggle for preservation, the same Kansas, now become a State, was more exposed and suffered more than any other free State. The baffled hounds of slavery wreaked their vengeance upon those who had triumphed in the Territorial contest. The Lawrence massacre, the most atrocious episode of all that semi-decadal war, was similar to what was continually going on, only in a smaller way, all over the State.

But a new leaf has been turned in the history of Kansas. From being the most unfortunate, it has come to be the most prosperous State in the Union. Its population and wealth are augmenting with unmatched ra-

pidity. The tide of immigration now sets in that direction as it does in no other. Home-seeking enterprise flocks thither, drawn by the attractions of a rich soil and a delightful climate. So especial and general is the interest now felt in this State, that we propose in this paper to present some of the more important facts of its present condition and prospects.

Situate in the fertile valley of the Missouri, Kansas happily strikes the golden mean of soil and climate, between the enervating South and the impoverishing North. The farmer is not demoralized by the summer heat, nor are the profits of his husbandry eaten up by the long winters. What the old geographies put down as a part of the Great American Desert has been found to be a region alike adapted to cereal production and grazing. In the Agricultural Department at Washington are to be seen specimens of the fruitage of the same kind of trees and seeds in the different parts of the country. The wide divergence in the results is a curious and profitable study. The relative productiveness of different sections has thus been shown as it could be in no other way. Judged by that test, the soil of Kansas is peculiarly rich. Some products are not adapted to that locality, but in the aggregate the conclusion is inevitable that the State is more of a garden than a desert. It is a prairie country. The two general divisions, "bottoms" and "upland," are alike productive. For one hundred and fifty miles or more west of the Missouri River, the entire length of the State, there is no need of so much as the tickling of a hoe; for only drop the seed and the land laughs with a harvest. Cereals, fruits, and vegetables, all flourish; and where the touch of civilization has not been felt, nutritious grasses grow luxuriantly. To see those emerald billows in all the beauty of early summer, gorgeous with diamond and opal, sapphire and

coral, garnet and crystal, the various flower-gems set with exquisite taste, is a vision to enrapture the æsthetic beholder. As one nears the vast table-lands known as the Rocky Mountains, it becomes necessary to irrigate. But with irrigation, and here and there drainage, every foot of the soil can be made productive.

Kansas agriculture is, however, still in its incipency. Farming there cannot be called a *branch* of business—it is the whole tree; but it needs age to mature its boughs and laden them with an abundant fruitage.

One especial misfortune—or blunder, as the case may be—of agriculturists the world over and the ages through, is dependence upon one crop. The famines that have afflicted mankind at different periods have been due mainly to this cause. No people ever learned, except in the hard school of poverty, the folly of this course. The farmers of the Northwest are to-day groaning under the burden of public taxation and private indebtedness, sorely troubled to meet their liabilities, and all because they have depended upon corn and wheat. The former failed them, and the latter is unmarketable. There is a glut of wheat and a scarcity of corn, and between the upper and nether millstone of this mill of the gods the producing class is being ground to poverty. Kansas is herein no exception. In some States there is some excuse for making cereal raising a specialty; but in this State there is no good reason for it. Soil and climate combine to urge variety. All the small grains—wheat, oats, barley, and corn—yield prolifically. Sheep and cattle can be grown with immunity from the diseases that interfere with stock-farming in some sections, and fruit is luscious and sound. The insects that devour grain-fields or eat the life out of trees have not made their appearance there to any alarming extent—the grasshopper being the worst enemy thus far encountered. Ap-

ples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, quinces, grapes, and berries of various kinds, have all substantiated their claim to recognition as Kansas products. It is worthy of note that at the National Fruit Fair held in Philadelphia last fall, Kansas apples won the first premium. The State rivals in this regard the famous Ontario belt of Western New York.

We come now to speak of the railroads. The first condition of prosperity, at least for an inland country, is a good soil. Edward Everett once said, holding an ear of corn in his hand, "Here is a richer gold-mine than all California can boast." But important as is production, transportation is at the least only secondary. What boots it to have full granaries, if the cost of shipping the surplus to market shall well-nigh equal its value at the market-place? The State of Kansas has no navigable waters draining her interior, and the progress of her development is and must be measured by the railway facilities afforded. In the present stage of civilization there is for communities a "royal road to wealth," and that highway is the railway. The intelligent pioneer asks of any particular locality, "How far is it from the railroad?" with even more interest than "What are its climate and soil?" If railroads do not literally make a country, they certainly help wondrously in the making. We will therefore give in detail the railway facilities of the State, including the projects certain of accomplishment in the near future.

The Kansas Pacific commences at Kansas City, just across the line in Missouri, and follows the valley of the Kaw to Lawrence, thence to Topeka and on to Fort Riley, and still on and on some five hundred miles. This grand enterprise reaches far into Colorado. By September it will reach Denver. It already does an immense business. The amount for the last year was about thirty-five per cent.

over that of the previous year. The Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad, starting from Leavenworth, pushes westward to Lawrence, where it tacks to the south. It is almost to the border of the Indian Territory. The Cherokees and Choctaws would gladly stay its progress at that point; but they cannot resist fate. Civilization is merciless to the savage, and direct connection with the Gulf at Galveston is sure to be secured at an early day. That will afford a near and cheap outlet to the sea. At the Texan line this road will be met by the southern link in the chain. Arrangements have also been made to extend it northerly. It is to run to the one-hundredth meridian, intersecting with the Kansas Pacific, and eventually forming a part of the grand highway from Duluth to Galveston. Poor isolated New Mexico looks to Kansas for an outlet. Beginning at Olathe, a railway is slowly creeping on toward Santa Fé. It is known as the Kansas City and Santa Fé Railroad. These, together with the Missouri River Railroad, extending from Kansas City to Atkinson along the bluffs, are opening up the southern part of the State, to which section immigration mainly tends. The northern tier of counties are less favored, but projects are maturing which promise soon to render accessible the fertile fields of that region. There are now nine Kansas railroads, not including those which figure only on paper and may or may not be constructed.

The natural resources and market facilities are the two grand features of a country. There are, however, other questions of too much importance to be overlooked. Some will ask, How about public land? Has the government parted with its real estate, and, if so, is it held by speculators at exorbitant figures? It will be remembered that Michigan was checked in development by the misjudging greed of speculators. The tide of home-seek-

ing enterprise swept by and peopled Wisconsin and Illinois, all because wild land was held at too high figures there. The lesson of that egregious blunder has not been unheeded by the corporations and individuals who own vast tracts of the untilled prairies of that State. Special inducements to settlers are held out. The neutral Cherokee lands will soon come into market, broadening very materially the area of good but unimproved territory.

The third question of importance is lumber and fuel. In the New England States, the forests furnish building material, fencing, and fuel—the one word “timber” covering a variety of wants. In Kansas, the best material for building purposes is stone, quarried from the solid rock. At first you have chalky slabs that seem utterly unfit for use; but exposure hardens this “junction” marble, as it is called, and houses built of it rival, for beauty and durability, the brown fronts so common in New York. Black walnut is found, but not very abundantly. The Indian Territory is rich in pine. For fencing, the osage plant is the main reliance. As for fuel, the State has an inexhaustible supply of bituminous coal, upon which she will rely as soon as the trees that skirt the streams have been cut off. It is mainly upon this coal that reliance is placed to develop, in due time, manufacturing industry. At present, production is the sole dependence of the people; but in a few years the plastic arts will supplement it and enhance its profits. Already the more intelligent population look with glad expectancy to the time when a home market will spring up; and it cannot be long ere the law of supply and demand, more potent than statutory legislation, will forbid the people of Kansas to go abroad for their manufactured articles.

Nature has done all that is necessary for the State of which we speak. Monetary enterprise is doing its work.

It only remains to inquire if material advantages are duly matched by intellectual forces. Goldsmith mourns over a community in which "wealth accumulates and men decay." There is always danger of mental deterioration, and moral, too, when material prosperity abounds. A wise man requires no gift of vaticination to foresee disaster in the neglect of public education. To guard against the perils of materiality, Kansas has adopted the common school system which has so long undergirt and vitalized the Eastern States, and which has followed the pioneer as inseparably as his shadow. The original Pilgrims sojourned in Holland long enough to learn not only mechanic arts, but to see the importance of the public school system. What they brought across the ocean, their children are taking with them across the continent. They are doing even better than that. The common school system of New England is not to-day as good as that of Kansas. Not only are the rudiments of knowledge—the common branches—taught, but wherever the number of children admit of it, graded schools have been established; and boys may be fitted for Yale and girls for Vassar. Colleges are beginning to spring up; but as yet they are hardly a power in the State. The public schools are so good that mere academies are out of place.

We have sketched the main features of the State, viewed from the four points of its compass. The reader may wish to hear a report of the cities of Kansas. To enumerate all the villages boasting a mayor and common council would be a tedious task. Of cities, properly so called, there are only three—Leavenworth, Lawrence, and Topeka. The latter deserves mention only because it is the capital. It has the prestige and attractions common to capital cities. Just now that town is passing through the speculative period that comes to all West-

ern cities. After this teeth-cutting it may have a healthy growth—develop sinew and muscle. Lawrence is the most famous city of the State. Once the capital, it is still the centre of culture. If Leavenworth is the Chicago of the State, Lawrence is the Boston. Reclining in elegant repose at the foot of Mount Oread, with the banks of the Kaw for a pillow, it is a charming town. Abounding in foliage, from stately trees to tiny flowers, it beguiles one into the belief that he is once more in some refined and quiet Eastern town of about twelve hundred inhabitants. But Leavenworth is all bustle and enterprise. "The West" is stamped upon its every lineament and pervades its character. While the war desolated Lawrence, it built up Leavenworth; for the latter was "the daughter of the regiment." It was there the State troops were mustered into the service and out of it. The advantages then enjoyed were temporary, yet permanent. The impetus given to the city it has not lost, nor is it likely to. It has no rivalry in the State. Kansas City is making inroads upon her trade; but, being on the Missouri side of the river, its marvellous growth since the war belongs to the prosperity of the latter State. It is but just to add, however, that Kansas City is mainly indebted to the State of Kansas for having been lifted out of nothingness and made, even at this early day, a formidable rival of St. Louis for the metropolitan honors and profits of the Missouri Valley.

The throes and agonies of the border-ruffian days have at last so far been outlived, that while the State is composed of "flats," "sharps," and "naturals," in much the same proportion as other States, it has, on the whole, a homogeneous as well as thrifty population. Kansas has "come out of much tribulation," and its future is as brilliant as its past was gloomy.

THE WIFE OF GARIBALDI.

BY LAWRENCE LESLIE.

ON the western shore of the Adriatic Sea, near the mouth of the River Po, there is a lonely, unmarked grave. Rank weeds grow in profusion around it, tall grasses bend over it, and wild flowers shed their perfume above it. The solitude is broken only by the song of birds, the sighing wind, or the mournful monotony of the surf as it breaks upon the adjacent beach. Twenty summers have come and gone, and twenty times have the flowers dropped their withered leaves, since loving hands fashioned that lowly grave, tenderly covered the dead, and fled, weeping, from the place of burial.

The revolution of 1849 had run its course; Rome had surrendered to the armies of France, and the Roman Republic was no more. A remnant of the patriot army, disdaining to surrender, had shaken the dust of the Eternal City from their feet, and made a perilous march across the country to the Adriatic Sea, with the design of embarking at Cesenatico for Venice, which was still held by the revolutionists, though besieged by land and sea by a powerful Austrian force. The boats in which they had essayed this perilous journey were small and overcrowded, and the weather unpropitious. Besides, the swift cruisers of Austria swept the sea, rendering capture or destruction almost a certainty.

About two o'clock on a gloomy, misty morning, late in July, 1849, General Garibaldi, his wife, and four or five of his associates in the struggle for Italian liberty, went on board one of these frail crafts, and steered in the direction of beleaguered Venice.

The wife of Garibaldi was suffering from a protracted disease, and though she had to be carried most of the way in her husband's arms, she pleaded so earnestly not to be left behind that they could not refuse her, and such accommodations were prepared for her as their limited resources would allow.

The wind was fair, and under cover of the darkness the boat glided silently toward its destination. But when the sun rose and the mists cleared away, it revealed to their anxious gaze two Austrian frigates in dangerous proximity. The wind, too, had changed, and they were making but little progress. It was hoped, however, that such a speck upon the ocean would not attract attention; and as the sun rose higher and higher, without apparent discovery, they began to regard their position as quite secure. But this illusion was soon broken. The sound of a gun came booming over the water, and its rumbling report had scarcely died away when the hostile vessels changed their course, and the patriots knew that they were pursued. It was now a race for life. The wind, as before stated, had changed, and was now favorable to their return, and they flew rapidly toward the shore. Their pursuers, however, gained steadily upon them; and when their boat touched shore the cannon-shot were falling thickly among them, as the frigates discharged their broadsides at the escaping fugitives.

The poor suffering woman, who had grown rapidly worse under the danger and excitement, was tenderly lifted from the rude bed which had

been made for her on the bottom of the boat, carried beyond reach of the plunging shot, languished a few hours, and then breathed her last in the arms of her husband.

A grave was hurriedly made in that wilderness solitude; and as the dark shadows of night were creeping along the shore, now scoured by the Austrian soldiery, the loved form was laid to rest, and Garibaldi had only time to drop a few tears upon the humble grave, and then went forth, a weary, hunted fugitive.

The history of this beautiful, gentle and heroic woman, so full of adventure, danger and toil, her romantic life in South America and tragic death on the frontier of betrayed and bleeding Italy, forms a most interesting chapter in the history of that long-oppressed but now free people. Garibaldi was an enemy of oppression from his earliest boyhood. When a youth he made his first visit to Rome, and was soon drawn into the membership of some of the secret republican societies which were just then springing into existence. The spies of the government were not long in discovering these revolutionary organizations, and its iron hand came down upon them with such force that they were crushed and scattered; and as young Garibaldi fled for life through the gates of Rome, he read his own sentence of death posted on the walls of the city. But Providence had a great work for the young fugitive to perform in the coming years, and the executioner pursued him in vain.

Thus deprived of the ability of aiding his own countrymen in their aspirations for freedom, he wandered for some years an exile, when the struggle between the republicans of South America and the governments of Brazil and Buenos Ayres afforded him the first opportunity of drawing his sword in the cause of liberty. It was while in this hard, discouraging and perilous service that he first met

the woman whose lonely burial we have previously described. Defeat and disaster had overtaken the little fleet which he commanded. Every one of his intimate personal friends had perished by shipwreck or in battle, and his great heart was heavy with sorrow and despair. To use his own words:

"I was left in a state of complete isolation, and felt alone in the world. Not one of the friends of my heart remained. And this change had been made in so sudden and terrible a manner that it was impossible to overcome the impressions it had made upon my feelings. I felt the want of some one to love me, and a desire that such a one might be very soon supplied, as my present state of mind seemed insupportable."

In this frame of mind, Garibaldi arrived, with his shattered vessel, at the little town of Marinhos, in the province of Laguna. One day, while sorrowfully pacing the deck, thinking of lost friends and blasted hopes, his attention was attracted by the sweet voice of a woman who was singing one of the patriotic airs of the country. He turned his eyes in the direction from which the inspiring strains came, and beheld a beautiful woman, of light, graceful figure, and upon whose dark curls the suns of less than twenty summers had shone. For the first time in his life Garibaldi was touched with the "tender passion." By a power or fascination which he seemed unable to resist, he was drawn toward the fair singer. Lowering a boat, he was rowed to the shore, and soon stood before the lady's house, but dared not enter. After hours of search, he found an acquaintance who was known to the family; and through him he soon obtained an invitation to take coffee at the house of the young lady's parents. A more intimate acquaintance only increased the regard her appearance first inspired. In a

letter written to a gentleman in New York, some years ago, he said: "I found that the hidden treasure I had discovered was a gem of rare and inestimable worth. But I have since reproached myself for removing her from her peaceful native retirement to scenes of danger, toil, and suffering. I felt it most deeply on that bitter day when, at the mouth of the Po, within reach of the Austrian shot, while still hoping to restore her to life, I took her pulse and was horrified to find her a corpse. Then I sang the hymn of despair, and prayed for forgiveness; for the sin of taking her from her peaceful home stood more forcibly before me."

Such was the first meeting of Anna and the future hero of Italy. They were soon married; and from that time to her tragic death, in 1849, a period of ten years, she followed her husband in all of his campaigns—sharing the toils of the march, the dangers of the battle, the perils of the camp often pitched amid death-breeding marshes, fording rivers, crossing almost impenetrable forests, or fighting by his side, ever brave, hopeful, and cheerful, aiding in his arduous labors, and comforting him in the hours of adversity and defeat. An excellent rider, she was present in nearly every engagement, rallying and encouraging the dispirited troops, carrying orders to distant parts of the field, or ministering to the wounded or dying men.

On the occasion of a battle near Caritibani, she resisted every entreaty of her husband to seek a place of safety, and took upon herself the duty of serving out the ammunition to the soldiers. During the heat of the combat, seeing a portion of the line wavering and threatening to break, she rode rapidly toward the column, hoping to inspire the men with fresh courage. Before reaching them, however, they broke and fled, and a detachment of the enemy's pursuing cavalry closed around her. Insensi-

ble to fear, she refused to surrender, and spurring her horse forward, attempted to ride through their ranks. A volley was fired at her, and one ball went through her hat, cutting off a lock of her hair. Still she pushed on, and had nearly passed through their line, when another shot killed her faithful horse; and further exertion being impossible, she was obliged to surrender. The defeat of the republicans was most disastrous, and hardly a man escaped. As darkness came on, the massacre ceased; and Anna, believing that her husband had not survived the slaughter, sought and obtained permission to seek for his remains amid the piles of dead and wounded that covered the field. Assisted by two of her countrymen who had been taken prisoners, she passed the night among the dead, looking for what she so dreaded to find, yet peering into the ghastly faces for some mark of resemblance to him whom she sought. But she looked in vain, and at last abandoned the search.

The next day the victors gave themselves up to the enjoyments of their triumph; and, profiting by their intemperance and lack of vigilance, Anna passed out of their camp and disappeared in the adjacent woods. It was sixty miles to the nearest friendly camp, over a broken, almost impassable wilderness, infested with robbers and swarming with the scouts of the enemy. On foot, destitute of supplies, undefended, and without a guide, the dauntless woman set out on her perilous flight. Chance threw a splendid horse in her way; and mounting it, she dashed away along the mountain pathway. A terrible storm had now come on; the night was pitchy dark, and it was only by the aid of the frequent flashes of lightning that she was enabled to pick her way among the rocks and ravines and avoid instant death. On reaching the Cauras River, she found it a roaring, maddened torrent, swollen

by the heavy rains to nearly a third of a mile in width. Destitute of a saddle, she dared not trust herself upon her horse in the strong current, and adopted the unromantic but safer expedient of clinging firmly to his tail until the dangerous passage was effected. To increase her misfortunes, she lost her way, and wandered about in the storm for three days before finding any of her friends; and during the whole time she scarcely closed her eyes in sleep, and subsisted entirely upon roots and the few indifferent fruits which she could gather on the way.

Not long after this her first child was born—Menotti Garibaldi, who subsequently distinguished himself in the war between Italy and Austria, and more recently did some gallant fighting in the short but disastrous campaign against the Eternal City. When her babe was but a few weeks old, she set out with her husband and the republican army on a long, weary, and disastrous retreat through the forests and across the mountains of Brazil, carrying her babe in her arms. On the march they were overtaken by a severe storm. She became separated from her companions; and it was only through the most indomitable perseverance and heroism that she was enabled to save the life of herself and child. It was during the dreary hours she passed in that wilderness, divesting herself of almost every particle of clothing to keep her babe from perishing, that the seeds of that disease were planted which a few years after claimed her as its victim.

In 1848, when the gallant followers of Mazzini were gathering around the standard of Italian nationality, Garibaldi hastened back to his native land to join his fortunes with those of his struggling countrymen. The stirring events of 1849 followed; and when the patriot leader was shut up in Rome by the army of France, his faithful wife passed in disguise through

General Oudinot's lines and joined him, rendering efficient service in encouraging the weak and wavering and nursing the wounded and sick. She devoted herself to these unfortunate men with such earnest and untiring zeal, that her health, already enfeebled, entirely gave way; and when the final catastrophe came, and the remnant of the patriot army passed out of the city in one direction, as the victorious French entered it from another, she was unable to walk, and had to be carried in the arms of her friends. In vain her husband insisted that she should not attempt so perilous and fatiguing a journey. But she begged so earnestly to follow them, saying that if she must die she could not bear the thought of breathing her last under the flag of the destroyers of Italian liberty, that Garibaldi yielded, and she set out with them on that famous retreat. Her sufferings were acute; but she bore them bravely, gradually sinking, however, until the fatal moment when her brave spirit was released from its sufferings and passed to a happier land. She retained her consciousness almost to the last moment, sent loving messages to her children and other friends, and died, calmly and peacefully, in the arms of her husband.

Ten years ago, her remains were still resting in the humble grave which first received them, unmarked by any stone or inscription; nor up to that time had Garibaldi revisited the hallowed spot. For ten years the chains of enslaved Italy clanked above her grave; but then, thanks to the arm upon which she had leaned so trustingly in life, the day of righteous vengeance came, and the Austrians were scourged from the land they had so long oppressed and deluged with blood and tears. Whether, since these happier days have come for Italy, any memorial has been raised to perpetuate the noble woman's memory, we know not. Nor does it matter. The solidest granite could

not add to the immortality of her fame, nor could sculptured marble correctly portray the beauty of her life and death. In the heart of every true native of sunny Italy—in the bosom of every lover of liberty, under

whatever skies he may live—the memory of Anna Garibaldi will ever be kept fresh and green; and from her ashes shall spring innumerable defenders of the cause for which she sacrificed so much.

BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

WE made good time that day, and when the sun set we camped in the shadows of Virginia Dale. There were hundreds of miles between us and the Sierras—leagues of sage-brush, alkali, and drifting sand; but the summer had only just opened, and we were well on our way. The days were not yet at their longest, but we had made thirty-five miles since sunrise; and we took care of the stock and turned into supper with the pleasing consciousness that we had done well.

We were a motley group; old miners, two or three trappers, half-a-dozen "tender-feet"—enjoying their first experiences of Western life—a few half-breeds, and the usual amount of "mule-skinners."

This was several years ago, and I do not mind admitting that I was one of the "tender-feet," to whom everything was wonderful, and the Rocky Mountains the acme of earthly magnificence. I was deeply impressed with the grandeur of those Western solitudes, and delighted with the wild new world which was opening at every step. Then, too, I was surrounded with men of whose life and habits I knew as little as if they had been Esquimaux; and, in spite of its hardships and dangers, it was a most delightful summer.

Our plan of travel was to be on the way soon after daylight; and, as the sun grew stronger, to lie by for three or four hours in the middle of the day, and continue our journey until long after the moon had risen. But the day on which we reached Virginia Dale had been rather cloudy, and we were able to travel until sunset, and then camp in the shadow of its wonderful rocks.

By the time supper was over it was quite dark, and we heaped brush on the camp-fire, and lounged around it, smoking, telling stories, or going to sleep. I lit a cigar, and managed, by the flickering light, to arrange a few flowers I had gathered and was pressing in an old diary for—some one at home. I was trying to make the flowers stay in a good position against the leaf, when a shadow came between me and the fire, and a rough voice said:

"Suthin' for the women folks, I reckon."

"Yes," I answered, closing the book; "I promised my sister to bring her some flowers from the Rockies."

"Humph! young man, ye need n't blush so for your sister, an' to an old chap like me!"

I offered him a cigar.

"Do n't care ef I do; your terbaccer's allers first-rate."

"Of course, it came from home," I said with a little sigh, thinking of some one in that home, which just then seemed a long way off.

The old man looked up wistfully.

"Ef ye've got a home, set a heap of store by it, young man;—'t ain't every one t' has."

It was quiet about the fire now, and I had been thinking of home, and was in rather a softened mood; but I was surprised to hear "Indian Bill" (famous for his hunting and wild exploits) speak in that gentle tone.

I smoked on in silence.

"I never had any home t' speak of," he continued, after a short pause, "an' more 's the pity; but I feel 's ef every youngster like you, who 's got a home an' women folks to care for 'im, oughter think a heap on 'em."

"Yes," I replied, "I know how much they are worth, now I am so far away, and I feel as though I could die in their defence."

"Dyin' 's all very fine," said Indian Bill, dryly, knocking the ashes from his cigar; "but folks ain't often called on to die fur folks—leastwise not where you was raised;—an' bein' kind an' keeful of 'em every day 's more count sometimes than all yer dyin'. Ye may have a wife and home of yer own some day, and ye 'll do well to think on 't."

"God grant it!" I said softly.

The fire was deadening a little, and Bill gathered the falling brands, put on fresh wood, and sat down again in the glare of the flames.

"I dunno what brought it to mind," he began again, "but I've bin thinkin' of suthin' that happened onst, when I was crossin' a few years ago."

"Something that happened to you?" I asked.

"Not to me, but to some women-folks in our train. I haint thought on 't before for a good spell, an' I dunno why I do now,—only 't was nigh this time o' year, an' jest sich a night as this."

"Suppose you tell me about it," I

suggested, as I threw away the stump of my cigar and wrapped myself in my blanket.

"'Taint much to tell," he answered, "only 't makes a wanderin' feller like me feel kinder lost to see folks have all an' more 'n they want, an' kinder riled to see 'em throw it away like fools. But that 's neither here nor there," and he began:

"Nigh three years ago I was at Omaha, jest agoin' to start for th' West. I had bin out tradin' with the Injuns an' sich a good spell, an' it was nigh seven years sence I'd seen the Missouri River; so I come back to look round an' see th' old campin'-grounds. But, Lor, it was n't a mite as 't used to be,—the land was all bein' settled, an' towns agoin' up, an' it did n't look natural-like; an' I said I'd jest go back to th' buffaloes an' bars,—they 're allers the same. So, 's I said, I was at Omaha ('t wa n't no place at all then), agoin' to start for what I call th' West. I jined company with a lot o' fellers goin' on to Californy. We had good stock an' a plenty o' grub, an' we started.

"There was some fuss at first 'bout a woman that wanted t' go 's cook—wanted to cook the grub t' pay fur goin'; and some of the chaps would n't take her, 'cause the Injuns was goin' t' be on the path, an' they did n't want no women. Ses I, 'Ef she 's got pluck enough t' go, take her; she wo n't do no harm, an' ef th' Injuns gets us, I kin put a ball through her head.' 'Thank you,' ses a voice behind me. I turns round, an' there she stands. When I sees her, I ain't sorry I said what I did. I knew she would n't be no trouble, an' ef the Injuns come she would n't yell, but ask me to kill her ef I did n't. She wa n't afeered o' nothin', I see it in her eyes, and she wanted t' go bad. 'Folks out there, I reckon,' ses I. 'Yes,' ses she, shy-like, and turnin' red, 'my man 's out there.' 'Guess you 'd better take her,' says I to the men; 'her

man 's out there, an' she wo n't be no trouble.' She looked at me grateful-like, an' they said she might go.

"Well, we started. Hannah—that was the woman's name—wan't a mite o' trouble. She was a mighty good cook, an' done a heap o' work; an' she allers had a pleasant face, an' a smile that made the cakes es good agin. When we sat round the fire at night, I see she allers looked t' the west, an' her face would git bright-like when the Captin said how fur we'd gone, and I knew she was thinkin' o' her man; an' sometimes I thought I'd go round the world to know such a face was lookin' fur me. Sometimes after supper I'd say suthin' to her, an' I got acquainted some; but she allers 'peared keerful 'bout bein' too free and easy-like,—though, Lor' knows, she need n't with me.

"Things went on all quiet an' smooth 'till we come t' the Laramie Plains, to Alkali Run. When we got there we camped close to old Tom Scott's chebang, an' he come an' asked us to take 'long a woman that had been left there by a train, 'cause she was sick an' could n't go no further. She was most well now, an' wanted to go to her husband in Californy. She wanted to go bad. The men said 'No;' but Hannah said she'd go and an' see her. When she come back I see she'd bin cryin', an' she told th' men they must take th' woman—she would n't be no trouble, an' she'd take care on her. So after a while they let her do's she'd a mind to, an' she brought her. She took her inter her own wagon, an' waited on her like she'd bin a child.

"The women was n't a mite alike; Hannah'd bin raised in the West, an' she was tall an' strong, an' her black eyes flashed when she was mad, I kin tell ye; but the other woman was a little white thing, an' her eyes was soft and tender—jist like a young rabbit's under the sage. She looked as ef a wind would blow her over; an' Hannah took t' her right away.

Hannah tried t' cheer her up, an' was allers bright an' cheerful; an' they'd talk about Californy till you'd think there was n't no other place in the world. Hannah had bin there, an' t' other woman had n't, and one was allers askin' questions of t' other; though I noticed she never said nothin' 'bout the folks she was goin' to see, only 'bout the country an' what was doin' there.

"Well, one night—jest such a night as this—the women had got inter their wagon, an' we was all asleep 'cept Ben Jones an' me, who was keepin' watch. I set right by the women's wagon, so's that ef anything happened I could take keer o' them first; an' pretty soon I see Ben dozin' on t' other side of the fire, an' everythink was still. Before long I heard the women's voices in the wagon, an' I moved off closter to the fire, 'cause I did n't 'spose they wanted me to hear what they was sayin'; but they talked loud, an' I could n't help hearin'. 'Anywáy,' I ses to myself, 'it's only old Bill, an' he never tells no tales.' It was t' other woman who was talkin', an' her voice was clear an' soft, like a bell I heard onst when I was a boy; an' she was excited, an' spoke so loud an' clear-like I could n't help hearin'.

"'Oh, Hannah, I was so happy!' she said; 'it was only a little home, but it was pretty an' neat, an' I was so proud of it, an' I loved my husband more nor I can tell. He was steady an' good in those days, an' he went to his work every morning, an' I did my part at home. The house was allers clean, an' his supper ready when he come home at night, an' ef I was tired so was he, an' I never made no complaints; for I thought there was n't a happier home in the world. But after baby came I was aillin', an' worn out with havin' my rest broke, an' I forgot to have a smile for him when he come home, an' I was cross an' fretful. So pretty

soon he took to goin' out of evenings when he 'd had his supper, 'cause he could 'nt have no peace at home; an' then he got unsteady, and did n't go to his work regular. Things went on from bad to worse—an'—then he—went away.'

"Here she broke down cryin'; but after a while Hannah says, in a queer tone, jest as ef it had bin pinched out o' her:

"'But where did your—where did your Jim go?'

"'He went to Californy,' she ses, between her sobs, 'an' I've never seen him sence.'

"They was quiet for a while, an' I thought they 'd gone to sleep; but the woman spoke agin:

"'When he was gone the baby took sick; she was sick a long while, an' then she died. I had n't nothin' to live for, an' I thought I should die, too. But I pined for Jim; I thought that ef I could see him onst more I could die happy. After a long while I got better, an' then I sold everything I had and started to find Jim. I do n't know where he is, only he was in Californy somewheres, an' I'll find him ef I live. I never was no good t' him,' the poor thing went on, 'an' may be he's forgot me by this time; but I would be a good wife t' him now, and try t' make him happy.'

"'What did you say his name was? Jim, what?' asked Hannah.

"'Jim Myers.'

"'My God!' was all I heard. I jumped. I 'd heard sich a moan onst in an Injun fight, when a man dropped beside me. I was all of a tremble, an' then I heard t'other woman cry out:

"'Do you know him, Hannah? Oh, have you seen him? Tell me, Hannah, have you seen my Jim?'

"An' then Hannah said—I've heard a wounded deer moan, but nothin' like that,—'Yes,—oh, yes.'

"Then the woman begged her to tell her where, an' ef he was alive;

an' Hannah said she 'd seen him, an' he was well.

"'Can you tell me where he is? Oh, Hannah, can you take me to my Jim?' An' Hannah comforted her, an' said she could; and then the poor thing went to sleep in Hannah's arms.

"I could n't stand it. I could n't set still; for I knew suthin' what that poor girl was sufferin' while t'other one was sleepin' in her arms. It flashed on me all at onst, an' I knew they was both goin' to the same man. I knew t'other one had the right on 't; but I felt for Hannah, an'—well, it is n't much to say, I 'd have died for her.

"By an' by I heard Hannah come out of the wagon, an' I lay down that she might n't see me. But she lay down by the wagon an' sobbed, an' I could n't stand it. I went up an' touched her. 'Hannah,' I said. 'Don't,' she cried; 'don't speak to me—let me die.' But after a while she set up, an' I told her I knew, an' would help her ef I could. But she said 'No,' that she should send Annie Myers to her husband, an' then she should die. But I was older than her, an' knew that people could n't allers die when they wanted to, an' I thought may be 't would ease her a bit to tell old Bill.

"After a while she told me how it was, an' that Jim had married her. He 'd had a streak o' bad luck, an' she 'd come from Californy last year in a rich train, cookin' an' waitin' on some ladies, an' she 'd saved the money, an' had got it all for Jim. They was goin' on a ranch when she got back with the money. She 'd worked for him a good spell now, an' they wan't goin' to be parted no more. An' sittin' there in the firelight, I see her face, an' how she loved him, an' what a faithful critter she was. 'I was n't brought up as she was,' she said, after a while; 'I hain't got no religion, nor eddication, nor nothin'; an' I *could* send her to the wrong

place, an' go back to my—to my Jim.' An' then she took to moanin' agin, like a deer with a bullet through it. But after a while she got up an' went back to the wagon, an' I lay thinkin' till mornin'.

"After that we had n't no more laughs over th' cakes, an' Hannah's smile was worse nor any cryin'; but she took more care of Annie, an' was kinder to her nor ever. I knew how it tried her, an' her face got thin, an' big circles grew round her eyes, an' I was feared she would get sick, too. But she did n't, and we went on day after day till we got to where I was goin' to stop.

"When I told Hannah I was goin', there came such a look over her face that I told her I'd go to Californy ef 't would do her any good. An' she said she wanted me to take Annie to her husband, 'cause she could n't. She'd writ the direction on a piece o' paper, an' she wanted me to take the money she'd earned, 'cause 't was for Jim.

"So I stayed, an' went; and when we got to Californy I took Annie to her husband. After the first he was glad to see her agin, an' I told 'em they'd better make a new home for themselves, an' gave 'em the money, an' tried to help 'em, as Hannah said,—only I did n't say nothin' about her. An' I left 'em happy together, an' went back to Hannah. I wanted to put a bullet through him; but *she* had forgiven him, and what was I? When I got back Hannah was gone, an' I've never seen her sence."

"She behaved well, did n't she?" said I, as he paused.

"Well!" repeated Bill, with something like indignation in his tone. "An' you talk o' dyin' for folks?—faugh!—But it's gettin' late, an' you 'd better go to sleep."

"Thank you," I said; "good night."

"Good night," said Bill.

And I went to sleep, while he sat looking at the fire.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Francis Bret Harte. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

It has been the custom of critics and reviewers to lament the lack of Americanism in our fiction and poetry. We have been told that Cooper was but a reproduction of Sir Walter Scott; and, forgetting Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," the "The Old Manse," and "Twice-Told Tales," Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," the writings of Emerson and Thoreau, which are certainly generic enough, Longfellow's "Evangeline," and Lowell's "Biglow Papers," in verse, besides many other works by the same authors, and others yet by still other authors which are wonderfully American in spirit and style, the complaint has been made in all honesty and earnestness. The assertions in this respect have been too broad and sweeping, for the most part; yet they are partially justified by the foreign influences—and not always the best—which have insinuated themselves into the middle and popular classes of American books. But if the assertion that we have no American fiction has been unwarranted heretofore, it seems inexcusable and malicious since the appearance of Mr. Bret Harte's California stories and sketches. These are so eminently and essentially American, that this, their most striking characteristic, will be quite as novel to the American reading public as to any other. Nor is their unique character alone to be remarked in connection with Americanism in literature; it is quite as important to keep in mind that their distinguished success will probably give greater encouragement to originality of theme and style in American literary productions than any other event of many years past.

We take it that we are not introducing Mr. Harte's writings for the first time to our readers, and that the majority of them

have already enjoyed the fascination and pleasure of one or more of the sketches. Their original appearance in "The Overland Monthly," which is itself so remarkable for its freshness and individuality, and their popular reception, which led to extensive newspaper circulation, have rendered many of them familiar to a large circle of readers; and it is only proper to note the kind and degree of appreciation that they have found as at once a credit to American literary taste and a test of their own excellence. We are fain to regard the compliment that has been paid their author and the literature of the Pacific Coast, by the republication of these sketches in book form by the most prominent Eastern publishing-house, with more of admiration than envy; for our cause is a common one—at least in the development of the literary resources, and the advancement of the literary interests, of the West. Mr. Harte has exploded more absurd Eastern theories regarding Western literary ability than, we are happy to believe, can ever be revived. Supplying at once the quality of Americanism in spirit which the critics have demanded, a wealth of true sentiment which the best of our poets might envy, a power of portraiture, human and natural, that is pre-Raphaelite, and the ease and simplicity of expression that attain the art of hiding art,—Mr. Harte is entitled to our gratitude, not only as a literary benefactor in a general way, but for having refuted many a gratuitous libel that has been put upon us of the West.

So far, we have indicated but vaguely some of the more prominent characteristics of this book of sketches. They are worthy of greater detail in mention. But right here we meet with the difficulty of conveying any adequate idea of what is so compact and harmonious as a whole, by glimpses at any of its parts. These sketches are a series of designs that must

have been drawn from the life. In fact, the author intimates so much in his preface. They are thoroughly strange, and different from anything we have encountered in fiction or history. Together, they make up a panorama of frontier life more vivid than all the volumes and all the newspaper correspondence on the subject have ever given us. Singly, they appeal to our sympathy with a force and a directness that are simply irresistible. If there be exaggeration—though we are prepared to believe that nothing can be exaggerated in the wonderful life that they depict—it has been handled so delicately, and with such respect for the real, that it is never obtrusive, disagreeable, or incredible. They are all scenes from what it is common in cities to denominate "low life;" but this was the only life from which Mr. Harte could draw his material, and in making it positively fascinating he has done infinitely more than many writers who are better known have accomplished with such advantages as "high life," cultivation, and more decided moral and æsthetic influences afford. He has found the "milk o' human kindness" among men and women who would be rashly judged as utterly vile; he has extracted sympathy and affection from the hardest and roughest of nature; he has discovered poetry, truth, and gentleness in people and places that have revealed naught but wickedness and un-couthness to others.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp," which gives the title to the book, and which is the best known of all the sketches (we would not undertake to say which is really the *best* of the sketches), is the story of a foundling, whose brief span of life was in charge of a camp of gold diggers, with not a single redeeming feature in the shape of a petticoat. "Cherokee Sal" gave up a shameful life in giving birth to the child which humanized a camp of frontiersmen. It is pleasant to think of this circumstance as her regeneration. Luck—for so the child was called—found a mother in Stumpy, a nurse in "Jinny," a guardian in Tipton, and a godfather in Kentuck. His first exploit in life was described by the latter, who said: "He rastled with my

finger, the d—d little cuss," and the rough miner kept that particular finger aloof from the others. He was not misnamed, for he brought luck to the camp, which was the richer and better for his wee presence. Each little movement of this little Luck was as precious in the miner's eyes as it would have been to the tenderest mother; he was rocked to sleep on a stump, and to the lullabies of "Man-o'-War Jack" and "On b-o-o-o-ard the Arethusa;" and, when the catastrophe comes that makes up the *dénouement*, no feeling could be sadder than that of parting with Luck and the Roaring Camp. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," which follows, is an incident in which common misfortune makes companions of a pure, innocent girl and two depraved women, of a generous and guileless youth and a professional, shrewd, and determined gambler. The depravity of human nature is justified in a miserable wretch who abandons this company to terrible desolation and death; but the beauty of the sketch may be imagined when we say that Mr. Harte makes us not simply admire, but almost love, the very ones from whom we would have turned away in disgust at the outset. "Miggles" and "Tennessee's Partner" are pictures of affection—the one of the purity of woman's love, the other of the devotion of man's friendship—and both illustrated by the grotesque characters of this low life of which we have spoken. "The Idyl of Red Gulch" is indeed an idyl in prose, fragrant with the sweet perfume of nature and rippling with the gentle flow of human sentiment. "Miss" is more of a story than any of these. It is the life-history of the "Fanchon" of our Western frontier, and in every way as volatile, as wild, as freakish, and as strong in emotion and humor. If the other sketches and stories of the book have less fascination in their themes and characters, their style is quite as pronounced, and we can scarcely imagine anything more graceful, for a *brochure*, than "Boonder" or "From a Back Window."

In every one of these sketches, the unique characteristics, which we have endeavored to describe, are fully preserved,

without the monotony of repetition which we are accustomed to find in consecutive productions of writers and composers who are so readily distinguished by their peculiarities of manner. In the rude poetry of the class of beings whom Mr. Harte introduces; in the keen perception which he constantly shows; in his quick portraiture of character; in his genuine sympathy with genuine sentiment; in his full appreciation of the beauties and grandeur of nature; in the vividness and individuality of his humor; and, above all, in the graphic directness, or the comprehensive quality of his style, by means of which he conveys a world of meaning in a single sentence;—in all these, and many other characteristics which we might mention if greater detail were practicable, this writer stands alone in the present generation. There may be others who are stronger, more elaborate, and more philosophical, and still others with characteristics and powers peculiarly their own and worthy of every admiration; but there is none *like* him. He is the poet, the painter, and, up to the present time, the historian of the Pacific Coast.

ALLEN'S LATIN TEXT-BOOKS: Manual Latin Grammar, Latin Reader, and Latin Lessons. Prepared by William F. Allen, A.M., and Joseph H. Allen. Boston: Ginn Brothers & Co. (Fred. B. Ginn, Chicago.)

MADVIG'S LATIN GRAMMAR: Translated from the Original German, by Rev. George Woods, M.A., of University College, Oxford. Revised and compared with the German editions of 1857 and 1867, with re-translations of portions of the work, by Thomas A. Thacher, Professor of Latin in Yale College. Boston: Ginn Brothers & Co. (Fred. B. Ginn, Chicago.)

We begin to suspect that the war which practical science is so fiercely waging against classic study in our schools will succeed in effecting about the same result upon the broad field of study as the dogma of Universalism in theology has done in the great domain of religious belief. While Universalism has brought about but comparatively few positive results from its teachings, yet there can be no doubt that, in awakening Orthodoxy to more exalted

conceptions of God's attributes from the standpoints of love and mercy, in sublimating men's notions of reward and punishment, in quickening a dead faith to an actual life of beneficence, in arousing the sympathetic devotional thrill which is more and more running through all true heart-work everywhere, and in breaking down the barriers and clearing the way to a broader and better catholicity of faith, it has exerted no unimportant negative influence.

So, while we do not expect soon to see classical study go to the wall under the hard-aimed and unflinching blows of the scientists; yet, to the unprejudiced observer, it is plain to see that classicism is not likely to come off without "punishment;" and still more, that the "backers" of this hard-fisted, so-called "practical science," which a new world and a new liberty have engendered, can claim the "first blood." Indeed, standing as classical study did in the conscious strength of centuries of past culture and respect, with the capital of the whole lettered world staked upon its devoted head,—looking, as it did, with a profound contempt upon the clumsy brawn of its untutored adversary,—it is not strange, perhaps, that thus unprepared and off its guard, classicism got the first "knock-down;" and even the conservatism of the schools hung down its head in shame, expecting it would be but a short "mill," and that another "round" or two would "do the business." But a good many "rounds" have already been fought, and the lookers-on are getting decidedly weary of the endless "sparring" and uncertain issue. It is hazardous, of course, to predict what may be the end of all this reform agitation in the field of mental culture, but it seems to be tacitly agreed upon at the present stage of the proceedings to compromise, "stop the fight," and call the thing a "draw." As near as we can judge, from a careful observation of the contest thus far, the strong point of the classicists is the alliance and sympathy of the church, rather than the zeal and prejudice which scholasticism brings to their aid—an alliance and sympathy on the part of the church, supposed to arise in some way from a community of

interest. This supposition, however, unfounded upon fact so far as relates to the present and future of these two moral forces in the world, is undoubtedly true of the past; and closely knit as the alliance is by the co-operation and active sympathy of centuries of battle against the common enemy, with theology interwoven as it is inseparably with the wisdom of the schools, a speedy alienation to the ranks of the enemy cannot be reasonably hoped for. It is unfortunate, and to be deprecated, that science and religion should be thus arrayed in hostility against each other, and the blame, we take it, rests about equally upon the partisans of either school; but however this may be, the fact is indisputable, and whatever may be the relative merits of scientific or classical study, classicism has, and probably will continue to have, a strong ally and supporter in the church.

We rejoice to see that the warfare has not been unattended with beneficent results already. Open hostility and the recognition of belligerent rights, on the part of the classicists *versus* the scientists, has drawn the line of demarcation between the different courses of study more distinctly in the schools, and each party enlisting recruits to its cause; thus, through the exigency of the occasion, an *esprit de corps* has been awakened in the ranks of either party, a demand for more thorough and efficient drill in every department created, and, as the present showing seems to indicate, the petty and disgraceful "general training" of our past collegiate educational system is rapidly rising to the more rational and commensurable plan of a university "camp of instruction." As a consequence, there is a demand for more thorough and sensible manuals of drill, something better adapted to the new tactics and new methods of instruction fast being adopted everywhere. The endless minutiae of useless detail and pompous parade is fast giving way to available conciseness and the "light-marching order" of regular campaign work.

In the text-books of the Messrs. Allen, which we have before us, we see evidence of a marked conformity to the spirit and

letter of this new demand. Much cumbersome detail and impracticability of arrangement, which have hitherto lumbered the Latin text-books in academic and collegiate use in this country, and rendered a common-sense practical study of the language almost impossible, have been rejected and corrected in these manuals of drill of the Messrs. Allen. They have evidently aimed to meet the wants of the times in what they offer to the public; and from a somewhat careful examination of their work, we can conscientiously say that it seems to us a good degree of success has crowned their efforts. The grammar reminds us not a little of Milton's masterly compendium of principles in the same field, and for which, in brevity and practicability of arrangement, we have always entertained a decided partiality and admiration. In the "Lessons," the immediate and thorough application and elucidation of every principle by example as fast as introduced—thus making more available than has hitherto been done the inductive method in the study of the dead languages—strikes us very favorably, and meets an imperative want, we are inclined to think, in the field of preparatory classical study. There are several points about the Reader, too, that please us not a little. For example, the variety and scholarly taste displayed in the selections, the terseness and availability of the notes in their adaptation to the wants of the learner, the clear type and unumbered character of the vocabulary, and general correctness of text. The neat and elegant style of typography and paper is in marked contrast to that of most text-books, and speaks well for the taste and good judgment of the publishers in deciding upon the wants of the public in this direction. We are inclined to think the authors make too much of the "Locative case;" and what they are aiming at in what they say of noun-stems of the third declension, on the eighth page of the Grammar, we have thus far been unable to make out. On the whole, however, we commend these text-books to the favorable attention of teachers of the classics everywhere as a decided help to thorough preparatory and collegiate work.

It has seemed strange to us, we confess, that with all the demand for classical education in this country, text-books of which Andrew's and Stoddard's Latin Grammar is the type should so long have been the standard in our schools; and that, in the face of all that has been done for the Greek by such grammarians as Crosby, Hadley, and Sophocles, the Latin curriculum should have continued to be lumbered with such unwieldy vehicles of thought. Harkness's Series has done something to clear the way to better work; and we have already commented upon a new series by the Messrs. Allen, which, for various reasons, we think destined to supersede anything we have yet had as helps to thorough preparatory and academic work. Uniform with this series, and issued by the same publishing-house, we have also a new edition of Madvig's Grammar—everything considered, the best Latin text-book every published in this country. The aim of the editor, as he announces in his preface, is to meet the increasing demand for an edition of Madvig adapted to the wants of the American public—something which shall supply the deficiency never adequately filled by Zumpt as a standard of reference for teachers and the higher classes in our colleges and universities. While we do not imagine that higher authority can be claimed for Madvig than for Zumpt, yet, in attractiveness and general availability of arrangement, especially as applied to this new and revised edition, there is no comparison. The editor was, no doubt, wise in substituting the term *subjunctive*, so long in use in this country, in place of the author's *conjunctive* as applied to mood; and we think the old term *reflexive* as applied to the pronoun better than *reflective*, the one adopted by the author. As to the novel arrangement of the cases in the paradigms, it seems to us more will be lost by the awkward unfamiliarity which this arrangement presents to a student of the prevailing old forms than can be expected to be gained in the way of philosophical harmony and consistency. We think the same objection holds good also as respects the substitution of *v* for *u* in such words as *qui* and its compounds. The typography

is decidedly unique, and seems especially adapted to relieve the eye as well as to bring out the marked contrasts of words so necessary to perspicuity in a text-book of language.

Finally, we confidently expect to see Madvig, after twenty years of a comparatively small scholarly acquaintance here, through Professor Thacher's happy introduction, arrive at a more general familiarity with our American curriculum of classical study.

SELF-HELP; With Illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance. By Samuel Smiles, author of "The Life of George Stephenson and of his Son, Robert Stephenson," "The Huguenots," etc. New Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

If the young men of the present generation do not surpass those of all previous generations in intellectual and moral excellence, it will not be for lack of advice. Indeed, so many sermons are preached to them—they are stuffed so full of "wise saws and modern instances" by their well-meaning but prosy advisers—that there is danger of surfeit and ultimate disgust. The name of the "Manuals," "Guides," "Own Books," "Hints," etc., etc., designed to lead them in the way to honor and renown, is legion. A large proportion of these books are thoroughly commonplace—both the thoughts and the illustrations being the hackneyed ones which have been repeated by moralists for many generations. Mr. Smiles's work, however, is of a different stamp; it is characterized throughout by a delightful freshness and originality of thought, and by rare felicity of illustration. The topics are well chosen; the suggestions show that the author has had a large experience and a keen eye for observation, while the examples are the fruit of multifarious reading, not only in popular histories and memoirs, but in the out-of-the-way nooks and corners of biography. No young man of noble impulses can read the work without having his soul stirred as by the sound of a trumpet. Though it is designed for young men, it is not they only who will hang over its pages with delight;

we have known men in middle life, and accomplished scholars, to acknowledge the fascination of the author's pen. In England, some forty thousand copies of the work were sold within two or three years from its first appearance; in France, where it has "spread as by enchantment among the youth," it has been highly commended by the *Revue des deux Mondes*; it has been translated into Dutch; and at least three editions of it have been published in our own country. In our opinion, it is the best book of the kind yet published.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS: Being an attempt to trace to their Source Passages and Phrases in Common Use. By John Bartlett. Fifth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

Mr. Bartlett little dreamed, probably, when he began making this "posie of other men's flowers," that it would grow at last into so big a bouquet as he has here bound "with his own thread." The present edition of his book contains about three times the matter of the first, and is so exhaustive as to leave few quotations to be gleaned for future issues. It was a happy idea thus to gather up into a volume the passages of poetry that are most frequently on men's lips—so happy that it seems strange it occurred to no one before. The value of the book lies not merely in its being a convenient manual for reference, when we would know the source of any popular quotation, or verify its correctness; it is also a commonplace book of elegant extracts—a repertory of poetical gems, which have won the approval of the ages. It would be hard to find in any other volume of equal size such treasures of thought and expression as are crowded between these two covers. The only objection to such books is that they may increase the tendency to quotation, which in some writers and talkers has already become a great nuisance. It is pleasant to hear or read the thoughts of a man whose ideas are the coinage of his own brain; for then all his peculiarities of style are so many letters of introduction to us. But if his talk or writing is a

mosaic of quotation—if his thoughts and expressions are sponged from others—if he comes to us all pied and patched and harlequinized, wearing one man's hat and another's boot and the coat of a third—how are we to know him? After all, however, it must be admitted that there is a Hazlitt-like felicity of quotation which is almost as good as originality. And if men will strut, jackdaw-like, in borrowed plumes, it is best that the plumage should be of the most tasteful kind;—therefore, we shall be happy to see this beautiful volume winging its way into every private library.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN POLITICAL ECONOMY. Including Strictures on the Management of the Currency and the Finances since 1861, with a Chart showing the Fluctuations in the price of Gold. By Francis Bowen, Professor in Harvard College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. (Hadley Brothers, Chicago.)

THE LOYAL PEOPLE OF THE NORTHWEST. A Record of Prominent Persons, Places, and Events, During Eight Years of Unparalleled American History. By Stella S. Coatsworth. Illustrated with Steel Engravings. New Edition. Chicago: Church, Goodman & Donnelley.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO EGYPT, Constantinople, the Crimea, Greece, etc., in the Suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By the Hon. Mrs. William Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

THE BAZAR BOOK OF DECORUM: The Care of the Person, Manners, Etiquette, and Ceremonials. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

WONDERS OF ITALIAN ART. By Louis Viardot. Illustrated with Twenty-Eight Engravings. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. (Hadley Brothers, Chicago.)

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By an Old Boy. New Edition. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

CAMPBELL'S NEW ATLAS OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS. With Descriptions, Historical, Scientific, and Statistical. Chicago: R. A. Campbell.

DEVENHAM'S VOW. By Amelia B. Edwards. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

CHIT-CHAT.

VERBAL CALCIUM LIGHTS.—Next to the interviewing business—which consists in giving to the world a faithful transcript of what Tom, Dick, or Harry *didn't* say in a conversation, real or imaginary,—perhaps the most unique and characteristic feature of the daily journalism of the time is the ocean of personal description which floods the columns of the newspapers. Jones or Smith, having done the thing necessarily antecedent to fame—that is, corrupted somebody's wife, or shot the corrupter of his own, or maybe got into Congress, or obtained control of a great railroad—becomes duly installed upon the pedestal of notoriety. Next thing, the amiable and inquisitive public, stimulated thereto by the journals themselves, is seized with an untamable desire to learn all about Smith or Jones; how he looks, what he eats and drinks, wherewithal he is clothed, when he goes out and when he comes in, etc., etc. The newspaper correspondents are not fools, and they straightway set about supplying this demand. Given, an active letter-writer or reporter, a vessel of ink, a quantum of white paper, and a newly-famous man or woman, and anon you shall see the ink fly right merrily. It is not the pencil of Hogarth, the brush of Reynolds, the chemicals of Daguerre, which paint a portrait graphically. It is “words, words, words!” No one can read one of these vivacious highly-colored pen-pictures of our celebrated people without a twinge of pity for the miserable resources of the painter and photographer in the reproduction of the human likeness. When Hannah More wrote “To those who know thee not, no words can paint,” she little imagined the possibilities of modern literature. Why, the less the subject is known, the better these geniuses paint him;—or say *her*, for feminine is the gender of the subject which one of these pen-pictures, now

under our eye, portrays. To begin with, the correspondent—who, it may be premised, writes from the island of Manhattan—does not address himself to his task with that easy but simple confidence with which Virgil tells us, at the outset of his *Æneid*:

“Arma virumque cano,” etc.

On the contrary, he prefaces a sketch of Mrs.—well, say Juniper—with the self-deprecatory remark, that “to write a pen-portrait of this little lady is really a difficult task,”—reminding one of Thingum Bob, Esq., a poetic genius of whom Poe tells us so cleverly. T. B. was set to write an ode upon his father's matchless hair-oil. He commenced:

“To pen an ode upon the oil of Bob —,”

And could get no further; the parent referred to being obliged to finish up the poem thus:

“To pen an ode upon the oil of Bob
Is all sorts of a job.”

Such is the testimony of our letter-builder relative to the difficulties in the way of word-liniming the fair subject of his sketch. But he proceeds undaunted, and with the most triumphant result. He succeeds in attaching to his “little lady” qualities which probably would not be dreamed of, even by her own husband. He finds that she is not “oval,” as most women are; but that, on the contrary, she is “thin, square, and firmly knit.” A remarkable peculiarity of this little lady is that “her features are a perfect representation of her characteristics,” which proves conclusively one of two things,—and which of the two it is, the gentleman is utterly unable to determine,—viz.: either that “our mental life shapes our physical being,” or else, *vice versa*, “our outward form expresses the quality of our inner existence.” *Ergo*, Mrs. Juniper's inner existence is “thin, square, and firmly

knit," just like her exterior. A firmly-knit lining to a firmly-knit outside ought to keep the system warm and nice, to be sure. But no! He tells us that Mrs. Juniper wears a deal of "pale flaxen hair, in which there is no warmth whatever." It is perhaps due to this abnormal coolness in the chignon that the little lady's face is found to have "no color, except now and then a pale, yellowish tint." The little lady's eyes are equally anachromatic; in fact, the picture is not a pleasant one to dwell upon,—and we accompany the pen-painter to another study, into which he throws more warmth of coloring, and strikes his ink-strokes *con amore*, as it were.

Here is Mrs. Bilberry, a lady who is "tall, very tall, and willowy in her figure, and as graceful as a spray of arbutus. She possesses a poetic face, around which *clusters* fair, flossy tresses." There you have willow—that's for grace, as poor Ophelia would say; and there's arbutus—that's for grace, too; and as for the floss in the tresses, we're sure that must be for warmth—the warmth which was lacking in the flax of the other. "Her head," we are pleased to learn, "is well posed upon a pair of well-knit but not broad shoulders." Now, with the "posing" of that head we have nothing to do. Many a head, whether with tresses of floss or flax, has been "posed" before to-day; and it has occurred, at least twice in thrice, that the accident has taken place upon a pair of shoulders—but these shoulders, let it be understood, are not always "well knit," as in the case of Mrs. Bilberry. Now, the advantage of having shoulders knit, especially for winter, is obvious. If our women's shoulders were generally better knit, it is evident that we should see fewer cases of "cold shoulder,"—an ailment which now sadly prevails, on occasions, among the sex. But we wander from our subject. "Her throat is positively beautiful;" from which it may be inferred that the chin is comparatively and the nose is superlatively beautiful. These features, however, the artist slights, while he proceeds to the eyes, which "are flickering between the blue of an autumnal sky and the russet of autumnal woods;

and their serenity is like both, when the second summer of the year makes them serene and beautiful." Now those are eyes that are not to be sneezed at (if we, too, may drop into the figurative). They are, in fact, just such finely-crocheted eyes as we should expect to find surmounting a pair of well-knit shoulders; and the vivid, poetical quality of their description tells us plainly that the artist has arrived at that susceptible period of life when "sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows" are to be expected. Her voice is equally delightful. Mrs. Bilberry, we further learn, "thrills clearly, speaks distinctly," and "wears lace of the softly falling kind;"—which being the case, we will allow a curtain of it to fall softly over the Indian summer-like face of Mrs. Bilberry, and the spasmodically yellow countenance of Mrs. Juniper. As both are ladies prominently identified with the Woman's Movement of to-day, and as both have, of course, been recognized by the graphic descriptions quoted, it will not be necessary for us to translate the fictitious names which we have used.

—WHAT a world this would be without laughter! To what a dreary, dismal complexion should we all come at last, were all fun and cachinnation expunged from our solemn and scientific planet! Care would soon overwhelm us; the heart would corrode; life would be all *basso rilievo*, and no alto; the River of Life would be like the Lake of the Dismal Swamp; we should begin our career with a sigh, and end it with a groan; while cadaverous faces, and words to the tune of "The Dead March in Saul" would make up the whole interlude of our existence. Hume, the historian, in examining a French manuscript containing accounts of some private disbursements of King Edward II. of England, found, among others, one article of a crown paid to somebody for making the king laugh. Could one conceive of a wiser investment? Perhaps by paying one crown he saved another. Even that grimmest and most saturnine of men, Dean Swift, has called laughter "the most innocent of all diuretics." But laughter, to do a man

good, should be hearty, uproarious, explosive; not a mere simper, a tittering, husky cackinnation, as if one were laughing through wool. It should be like the laugh of Tufelsdröckh upon the proposal of Jean Paul for a cast-metal king—"loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable; a laugh, not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man, from head to heel." Directly the opposite of this, and such as Clemont Marot, so exquisitely Englished by Leigh Hunt, has described the laugh of Madame D'Alembert, should be the laugh of woman:—

"Yes, that fair neck, too beautiful by half,
Those eyes, that voice, that bloom—all do
her honor;
Yet, after all, that giddy laugh
Is what, in my mind, sits best upon her.
That laugh! 't would make the very streets and
ways
Through which she passes burst into a pleas-
ure;
Did melancholy come to mar my days,
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,
No spell were wanting from the dead to raise
me,
But that sweet laugh wherewith she slays me."

—AMERICANS are proverbially an inquisitive people; yet, from the very necessity which this disposition occasions, there is no person who better understands the art of parrying and baffling inquisitiveness than a Yankee. We were quite amused, some years ago, when living in the capital of Yankee-land, by an account given by a city friend of a colloquy which came off in a country village at which he had tarried for a day, between himself and one of the "natives," who manifested an itching curiosity to pry into his affairs:

"How de dew!" exclaimed the latter, bustling up to him as he alighted for a few moments at a hotel; "reckon I've seen you somewhere 'fore now!" "Oh, yes! no doubt," was the answer; "I've been there often in my life." "'Spouse you are going to—to—" (expecting the name of the place to be supplied.) "Just so—I go there regularly once a year." "And you've just come from—from—" "Exactly, sir; you are quite right; that is my place of residence." "Raally, now, dew tell! I 'spose you are a lawyer, or a doctor, or maybe a trader, or perhaps some

other perfession or calling?" "Yes, I have always pursued some one of those professions." "Got business in the country, eh?" "Yes, I am at this time busily engaged in travelling." "I see, by your trunk, you are from Boston. Anything stirring in Boston?" "Yes—men and women, horses and carriages, and a furious north-easter." "You don't say so! Dew tell! Waall, I declare now, you are 'tarnal 'cute. What d'ye think they'll do with Sims?" "Why, sir, it is my opinion that they'll either deliver him up to the claimant or let him go free." "You've had a monstrous sight of rain in Boston—did an awful sight of damage I 'spose?" "Yes, it wet all the buildings and made the streets damp—*very* damp, indeed." "Didn't old Fannil Hall get a soaking?" "No, they hauled it on to the common, under the Liberty Tree." "You are a curus chap; I guess you're kinder fool-in'. Pray, mister, if it's a civil question, what might be your name?" "It *might* be Smith; but it is not, by a long chalk. The fact is, sir, I never had a name. When I was born my mother was so busy that she forgot to name me; and soon after I was swapped away by mistake for another boy, and am now just about applying to the Legislature for a name. When I get it I will send you my card. Good morning, sir!" And so saying, the speaker jumped into his carriage and drove off, leaving the Paul Pry of the place scratching his head in bewilderment, and evidently in more perplexity than ere he had commenced his catechisings.

—WHY do not our preachers repeat their best sermons oftener? Would it not be a positive gain if they would write fewer discourses and bestow more pains on their delivery? Men do not complain of Gough or Wendell Phillips because they repeat the same lecture a hundred times. Whitefield preached the same sermon to scores of audiences, and never reached the full height of his oratory till he had delivered it forty times. Chalmers wrote few sermons, but delivered them again and again, and doubtless with increased power and unction at each repetition. The fact that a sermon has deeply

moved a congregation is the strongest possible argument why it should not be put into "the barrel." There was much force in the remark made some few years ago by a distinguished divine from another city, who preached in Boston during one of the anniversaries. Several hundred ministers flocked to hear him, and were electrified and delighted. In the afternoon he preached in an adjoining town, and was followed by a hundred who heard the same sermon. Once more he preached it in the evening, and again on the next day. At last his clerical brethren remonstrated: "We have come to hear you four times, and you have given us every time the same discourse. Is that your whole stock?" "My brethren," was the reply, "did you ever hunt deer?" "Yes," answered several voices. "Well," said he, "if you had a gun that always brought down the game, and you saw a splendid high-antlered buck just before you, would you lay aside your trusty rifle for a fowling-piece that might do execution and might not?"

—MRS. DROOD is a woman—we beg pardon, a lady—who lives not a thousand miles from Chicago. We may also add, without betraying her identity, that in her religious belief she is strenuously High Church.

"Not that I am a *ri-tu-ral-ist*," she said one day; "but I *do* like to go to church where there aint so many of these yer low truck; and where will you find a man better *reversed* in Scripeter than our clergyman?"

But though slightly aristocratic in her inclinations, nothing so moves her wrath as a like disposition on the part of her neighbors.

"What do you think?" she said to a friend one day. "Molly has left Mrs. D—— right in the midst of house-cleaning!"

The friend mildly expressed surprise, adding that Mrs. D—— paid the highest wages, and was generally considered a kind mistress.

"Well, she may be kind enough," replied Mrs. Drood; "but for my part I should n't like to work where I had to

wait while the rest was fillin' theirselves, and be rung in and out of the kitchen with a *dumb bell*!"

She visits the village doctor occasionally for medical advice. On one such occasion she was describing the symptoms of her Dan Drood—eldest scion of the house of Drood.

"He's the *beatnest* young one, Doc.; always coughin' hisself to death at every little cold."

"Does it seem to affect his lungs?" politely inquired the Doctor.

"Oh, no—nor his throat neither; seems to be more in his *bronze*."

On another similar occasion she wanted the Doctor to analyze some of "Moore's Panacea," and made her request in this wise: "Doc., just crystallize this yer stuff and see if its safe to use—it's 'Moore's *Panicky*' for corns."

One day she was complimenting the musical performances of the Doctor's wife.

"You ought to hear my little Dan; he declares that Mrs. S—— is the best *pianost* in town. Now, where do you s'pose the child ever got that word?"

"Perhaps he has heard you read it in a paper," suggested some one present.

"No," said the delighted parent, "it's just the schoolma'ams who board with us. Dan just catches all their big words. I noticed in his talk some time ago how he grabbed 'em up and *drug* 'em in."

On the subject of yellow-covered literature she expressed herself as follows:

"The fact is, father's about half-cracked—and no wonder. It is enough to addle anybody to read them ornery *palm-leaf covered* novels."

One day a well-meaning but meddling friend took Mrs. Drood to task for her husband's delinquencies; for Mr. Drood is one of those who are addicted to too great an intimacy with the "flowin' bole," as the lamented Artemus hath it.

"La, Jane," retorted Mrs. Drood; "don't get up such a conflag about nothing. Mr. Drood don't drink much. Of course, if a friend asks him he don't make a fool of hisself by refusin; but nobody can say my husband is a perpetual drinker!"

During war times, Mrs. Drood was kept in a constant flutter of excitement by the news from the seat of war.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked of a neighbor one day. "Captain Jones is awfully wounded, his head nearly *survived* from his body; he had to be carried off the field in an *avalanche*."

—A CORRESPONDENT of a New York religious journal, travelling in Maine, gives a melancholy account of the condition of the churches of his denomination in that State, and accounts for their decay by the ceaseless emigration from the Pine-Tree State toward the setting sun. "Young men," he says, "are leaving for the West—that great sponge for Eastern energy, and farms are for sale in every direction. The Legislature is endeavoring to attract immigrants by offering lands at a mere nominal price; but the competition in that business is tremendous, with the South and West lifting up their voices and offering cheap homes to all."

All this means simply that it is useless to fight against destiny; the West is the El Dorado of the whole Yankee nation. Every Jonathan that is born comes into the world with his face set like a flint in that direction; and hardly does he wait to reach the dignity of shaving before he "pints" his legs accordingly. In pain do his "anxious parents" expostulate and show the wildness of his fancies; in vain do they talk shudderingly of fever and ague, and crowded professions, and "cities on paper," and bankrupts who have swamped their fortunes there. There is his goal—his Mecca—his promised land—his true Canaan, flowing with milk and honey; and "he'll be darned if he won't go, if it takes all the greenbacks he can muster." There the pumpkins grow larger, and the turkeys wax fatter, and the potatoes are "more to the hill," than at home; there the delicious "Injun," in its various compounds of johnny-cake, hominy, pudding, etc., is more plentiful and more delectable; there the favorite pine, so nice for whittling, and the oak, the raw material of cheeses and nutmegs, grow to a loftier height; and he feels generally as if he had more room to swing his arms,

and could draw a longer and deeper breath on its boundless prairies or ocean lakes, than in the mere potato-patch of his native New England, where nothing but "the free and enlightened citizens" is on a grand scale.

Hence the infant Yankee may be regarded as only a sort of chrysalis, of which the sterile land that gave him birth is the rude and confining shell, from which he emerges on wings of enterprise, anxious to try his newly-fledged pinions in the verdant fields of the boundless West. The period of his enfranchisement is governed by circumstances, that "unspiritual god" that rules us all. The lad just in his teens—the beardless neophyte of the academy or college—the staid man of middle age—the hale old veteran of half a century—are all equally emulous of bettering their fortunes by change, and equally feel that restless activity which is pushing our settlements up the Rocky Mountains, whose "eternal barrier" itself has at last yielded to the swelling waves that have so long encroached upon its base.

—A BOSTON friend sends us the following anecdote of Rufus Choate, which he vouches for as a fact:

"Quite cool this morning!" remarked a Bostonian to the great New England advocate, one biting cold morning in February, when everybody's nose, cheeks, and ears were tingling with the pinches of Jack Frost.

"Why, yes, Sir," was the cool, *nonchalant* reply of the green-bag gentleman; "the climate is not *ab-so-lute-ly* tropical!"

Just six months afterwards, the same parties met again, when the thermometer was ranging in the nineties, and everybody felt like a mouse in an exhausted receiver.

"Very warm to-day, Mr. Choate."

"True, Sir,—one can hardly say that the climate is *pos-i-tive-ly* Arctic!"

—A MODERN traveller, who has skillfully anatomized the moral constitution of Johnny Crapeau, piquantly contrasts one of his peculiarities with a characterfistic of John Bull. French people, he says,

appear to hold their passions in command by the turning of a peg, like the Tartar horse of the fairy tale, which at one moment dashed through the air at the rate of a thousand furlongs an hour, and the next stood motionless as the Caucasus—"for, the cap and bells once laid aside, the *bonnet de magistrat* is resumed without any sensible diminution of wisdom or authority. It is not so with the Englishman, who, if he knows that he has been making an ass of himself, is so uncommonly ashamed of his long ears that he thinks it necessary to herd among asses for the remainder of his days."

—READER, did you ever suffer from one of those pests of society, an argumentative bore—one of those formal, mathematically precise people, who take everything literally, and don't know what a trope or figure of speech means; who insist that a mile is only a mile, a peck measure only a peck, an hour just sixty minutes, no more and no less; and who insist that you shall be exact to the minutest degree—to the most infinitesimal fractions—in your affirmations? And if you ever knew such an one, did you not think that of all the nuisances you had encountered in society, he was the most intolerable? Let one of these formalists enter a circle of good fellows, and he chills it like an iceberg. If one of them tells a good story, which is brimful of fun, and "sets the tables in a roar," but which is not rigidly demonstrable in all its particulars, the scrupulist will proceed with owl-like gravity to correct him, and, stating his syllogism in *Barbara* or *Calarent*, will prove triumphantly that there is a "screw loose" in the logic—that there is a "non-distribution of the middle term," and that the merry gentleman is mistaken.

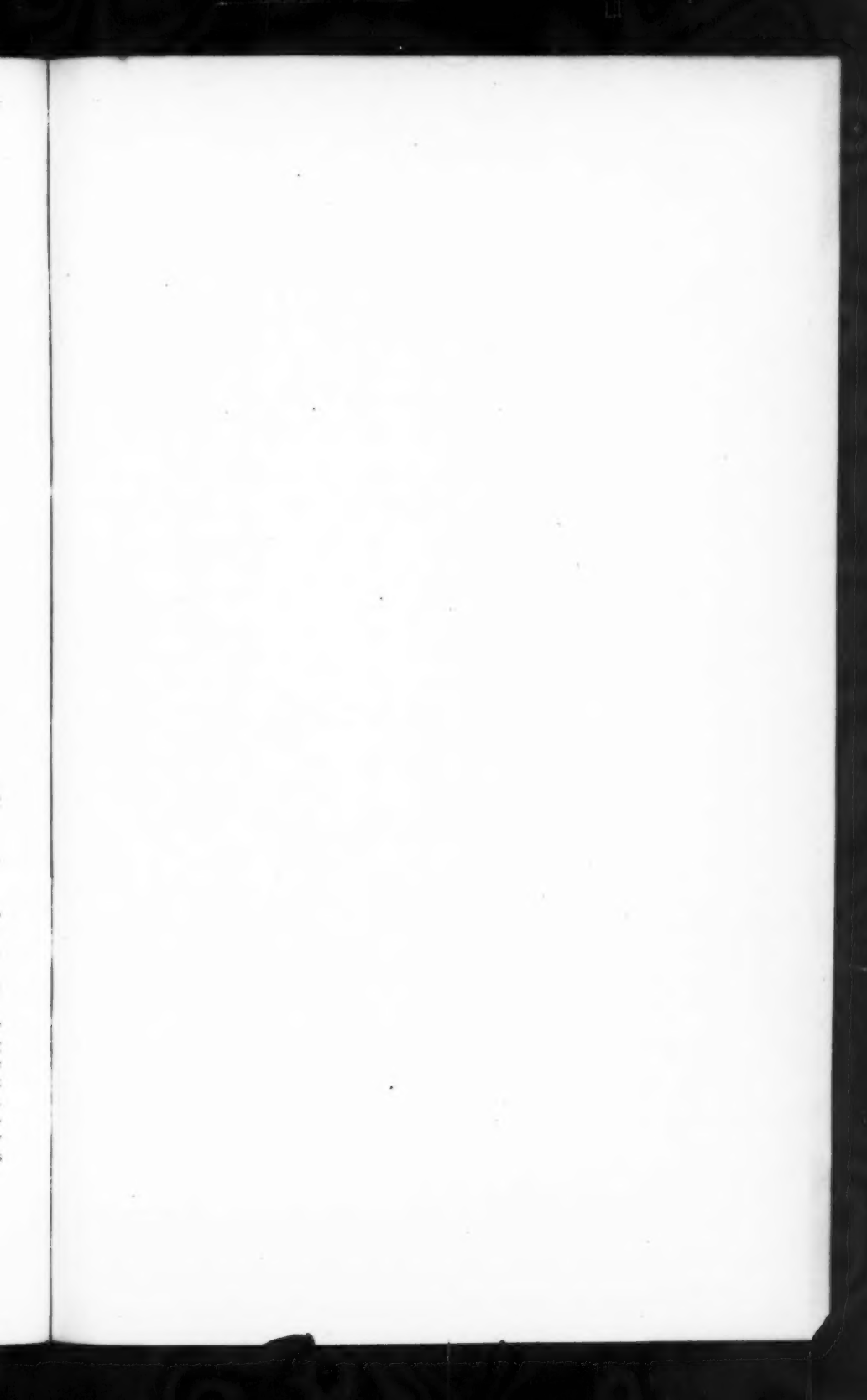
An inquisitor of this stamp will reply to the remark, "Ah! that is something like," with "Like *what*?" and insist upon an explanation. Tell him that on a certain day it rained pitchforks, and he will regard it as an egregious falsehood, and demonstrate to you that it is physically impossible. Or say "it rained cats and dogs," and he will gravely acknowledge that it may have rained toads; *that* is well known

to scientists; but cats and dogs—never! In an editorial some years ago, we compared something to "a bird's egg, in size," and two of these sticklers rushed incontinently into our office and remonstrated against the extreme looseness of our statement. Bird's eggs, they protested, were of all sizes, from a robin's up to those of an ostrich or condor. A friend of ours chancing to say that it was but "a smart walk" to a certain place, he was rigidly catechised by one of these dampers about the length of a smart walk. "Steep-rock or Barlow," said the higgler for truth, "would do a dozen miles in an hour; whereas Daniel Lambert, with his unwieldy mass of flesh, would have regarded a single mile as exhausting." Another gentleman happened to use the phrase, "a stone's throw off," and was at once brought up with, "It's but a stone's throw, you say; but, my dear sir, what do you *call* a stone's throw? Mount Vesuvius will throw you a stone a matter of thirty miles; and little David, though not so strong as Vesuvius, will throw a stone much farther than I could,—witness his attack upon Goliath." "Oh! I mean it is but a street's length off," answered the victim. "Well, but, my dear sir, streets differ in length," rejoined the indefatigable querist; and he proceeded to illustrate the correctness of his assumptions by citing divers examples of long and short thoroughfares.

Whip us such incorrigible matter-of-fact men!

—"WHEN Sherman marched down to the sea" he was accompanied by an infantry captain whom we will call Captain Bob, and who, "dressed in a little brief authority," strutted about in a halo reflected from the gilt straps on his shoulders.

One day a squad of men, acting under the orders of a lieutenant, were digging for water, when some human bones were exhumed, and the discovery was made that they were digging in an old grave-yard. Just at this moment Captain B— approached, and looking about, said *gravely* and reproachfully, "Ah, Lieutenant, this is *scarce-ilege*."





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